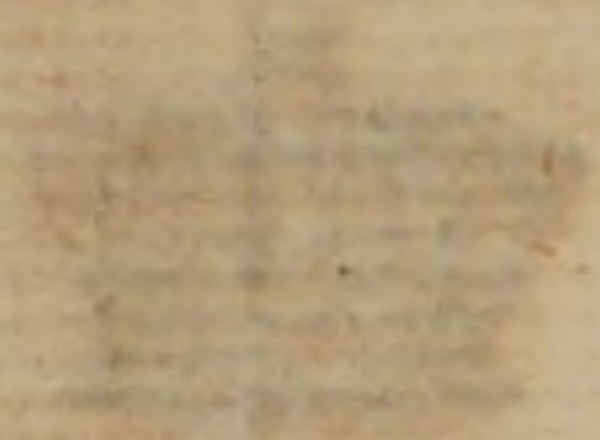


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THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
OF
DR. GOLDSMITH
IN FOUR VOLUMES,
CONTAINING

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, THE VICAR OF
WAKEFIELD, ESSAYS, POEMS AND
PLAYS.

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH,

ROBERT AND JAMES BELL, Booksellers.

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1775

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THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A
TAL E.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

=====

SPERATE MISERI, CAVETE FELICES.

=====●=====

W A K E F I E L D

T A B

PRINTED BY W A K E F I E L D

W A K E F I E L D

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

THERE are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said, to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing, with numerous errors ; or it may be very dull, without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth ; he is a priest, and husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn, as ready to teach, and ready to obey ; as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please ? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side. Such as mistake ribaldry

for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation ; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
V I C A R
O F
W A K E F I E L D.

CHAP. I.

*The description of the family of Wakefield ; in which
a kindred likeness prevails, as well of mind as of
persons.*

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married, and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and had only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured woman ; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could at that time show more. She could read any English book without much spelling ; and for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself much also upon being an excellent contriver in house keeping ; yet, I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased with age. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements ; in visiting our rich neighbours, or relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo ; all our adventures were by the fire side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger come to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation ; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour, by these claims of kindred ; for, literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that, as they were the same *flesh and blood* with us, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us ; for this remark will ever hold good through life, That the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated : and, as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of ; upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value ; and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this, the house was

cleared of such as we did not like ; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness ; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents ; and usually in three or four days, we began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy ; my sons hardy and active, my daughters dutiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's progress through Germany, when other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign, as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and, consequently, looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grizel : but my wife, who during the time of her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had a daughter again : and now I was determined that Grizel should be her name ; but a rich relation taking a fancy to be her godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia ; so that we had two

romantic names in the family : but I solemnly protest, I had no hand in it. Moses was our next and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation, when I saw my little ones about me ; but the vanity and satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would usually say, " Well, up-
" on my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest
" children in the whole country ; " Aye, neighbour," she would answer, " they are as heaven made them,
" handsome enough, if they be good enough ; for
" handsome is, that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads ; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, was now about eighteen, and had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe ; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first : but often did more certain execution ; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers. Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either ; and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude ; and a new set of ribbands given her younger sister more than natu-

ral vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of a miscellaneous education at home. But it would be needless to attempt describing the particular character of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being equally generous, credulous, simple and inoffensive.

CHAP II.

Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management: as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted but to thirty-five pounds a year, I gave to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years, it was a common saying, That there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite to-

pics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its utility and happiness : but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting ; for I maintained with Whiston, That it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or, to express it in one word, valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early invited into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracks upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking, are read only by the happy *Few*.—Some of my friends called this my weak side ; but, alas ! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles : as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb, that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston ; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy and obedience till death ; and, having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over against the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her ; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son just upon leaving the college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary of the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune : but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all, except my two daughters, to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened, by a complexion so transpa-

rent, and such an happy sensibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement upon my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awakened in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own, often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together. I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my

wife, nor the fly looks of my daughters: In fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a track which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a master-piece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but too late I discovered, that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion; and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up my dispute, and allow the old gentleman to be a husband, if he could, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let
" him be a husband, already driven to the very
" verge of absurdity! You might as well advise me
" to give up my fortune as my argument." "That
" fortune." returned my friend, "I am now for-
" ry to inform you, is almost nothing. Your mer-
" chant in town, in whose hands your money was
" lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bank-
" ruptcy, and it is thought, has not left a shilling
" in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you, or
" the family, with the account, till after the wed-
" ding: but now it may serve to moderate your
" warmth in the argument; for, I suppose, your
" own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissem-
" bling, at least till your son has the young lady's

“fortune secure.”—Well,” returned I, “if what you
“tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall
“never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow
“my principles. I’ll go this moment and inform
“the company of my circumstances : and as for the
“argument, I even here retract my former conces-
“sions in the old gentleman’s favour ; nor will I al-
“low him to be an husband, either *de jure, de facto*
“or in *any* sense of the expression.”

It would be endless to describe the different sensa-
tions of both families, when I divulged the news of
my misfortune ; but, what others felt, was slight to
what the young lovers appeared to endure. Mr.
Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to
break off the match, was, by this blow, soon deter-
mined ; one virtue he had in perfection, which was
prudence, too often the only virtue that is left
unimpaired at seventy-two.

CHAP. II.

*A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives
are generally found at last to be of our own procur-
ing.*

THE only hope of our family now was, that the re-
port of our misfortunes might be malicious or
premature : but a letter from my agent in town soon
came, with a confirmation of every particular. The
loss of my fortune, to myself alone, would have been

trifling : the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble, without such an education as could render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight passed away, before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last, a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was, to get together the wrecks of my fortune ; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds, we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore was, next to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances ; for I well knew, that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. “ You can’t be ignorant, my children,” cried I, “ that no prudence of ours could have prevented “ our late misfortune ; but prudence may do much in “ disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my “ fondlings : and Wisdom bids us conform to our “ humble situation. Let us then, without repining, “ give up those splendours with which numbers are “ wretched, and seek, in humble circumstances, that “ peace with which all may be happy. The poor “ live pleasantly without our help ; and we are not “ so imperfectly formed as to be incapable of living “ without theirs. No, my children, let us, from “ this moment, give up all pretensions to gentility : “ we have still enough left us for happiness, if we “ are wise ; and let us draw upon Content for “ the deficiencies of Fortune.”

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might con-

tribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were soon to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart: and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given to him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff,—and this book too,—it will be your comfort on the way; these two lines in it are worth a million, *I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy: whatever be thy fortune let me see thee once a year: still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether he rose or fell.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat; and we put up, for the night, at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord

in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than the pleasures it afforded, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room, to inform her husband, That the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle, to spare an old broken soldier, that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, though his face was marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I

could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. “ I take it with all my heart, Sir, (replied he) and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shown me there is still some benevolence left among us. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to remit it as soon as possible.” In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. “ This, (cried he) happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow, will be found passable.” I testified the pleasure I should have in his company ; and, my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger’s conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it ; but it was now high time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together ; my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed perfectly to understand. But what surprised me most, was, that though he was a money-borrower, yet he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged, that lay in

our view, as we travelled the road. “ That, (cried
 “ he, pointing to a very magnificent house, which
 “ stood at some distance,) belongs to Mr Thorn-
 “ hill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large for-
 “ tune, though entirely dependant on the will of
 “ his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman,
 “ who content with a little himself, permits his
 “ nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in
 “ town.” “ What !” cried I, is my young landlord
 “ then the nephew of a man, whose virtues, gene-
 “ rosity, and singularities are so universally known ?
 “ I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented
 “ as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men
 “ in the kingdom ; a man of consummate benevol-
 “ ence.”—Something, perhaps, too much so,” re-
 plied Mr Burchell, “ at least he carried benevolence
 “ to an excess when young ; for his passions were
 “ then strong, and as they all were upon the side of
 “ virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme.
 He early began to aim at the qualifications of the
 “ soldier and scholar ; was soon distinguished in the
 “ army, and had some reputation among men of
 “ learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious ;
 “ for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery.
 “ He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him
 “ only one side of their character ; so that he began
 “ to lose a regard for private interest in universal
 “ sympathy. He loved all mankind ; for fortune
 “ prevented him from knowing that there were ras-
 “ cals. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which
 “ the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the
 “ slightest touch gives pain : what some have thus
 “ suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in
 “ his mind. The slightest distress, whether real
 “ or fictitious, touched him to the quick and
 “ his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of
 “ the miseries of others. Thus disposed to
 “ relieve, it will be easily conjectured, he found
 “ numbers disposed to solicit : his profusions began

“ to impair his fortune, but not his good nature ;
“ that, indeed, was seen to increase, as the other
“ seemed to decay : he grew improvident as he grew
“ poor ; and though he talked like a man of sense,
“ his actions were those of fool. Still, however,
“ being surrounded with importunity, and no longer
“ able to satisfy every request that was made him,
“ instead of *money*, he gave *promises*. They were all
“ he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough
“ to give any man pain by a denial. By this means,
“ he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom
“ he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve.
“ These hung upon him for a time, and left him
“ with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in
“ proportion as he became contemptible to o-
“ thers, he became despicable to himself. His
“ mind had leaned upon their adulation ; and,
“ that support taken away, he could find no pleasure
“ in the applause of his heart, which he had never
“ learned to reverence itself. The world now be-
“ gan to wear a different aspect ; the flattery of his
“ friends began to dwindle into simple approbation,
“ that soon took the more friendly form of advice ;
“ and advice, when rejected, ever begets reproaches.
“ He now found, that such friends as benefits had
“ gathered round him, were by no means the most
“ estimable : It was now found, that a man’s own
“ heart must be ever given to gain that of another.
“ I now found, that——but I forget what I was go-
“ ing to observe : in short, Sir, he resolved to respect
“ himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his shat-
“ tered fortune. For this purpose, in his own whim-
“ sical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot,
“ and, before he attained the age of thirty, his cir-
“ cumstances were more affluent than ever. At pre-
“ sent, therefore, his bounties are more rational and
“ moderate than before ; but still he preserves the
“ character of an humorist, and finds most pleasure
“ in eccentric virtues.”

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse and struggling with the torrent.—She had sunk twice; nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit me attempting her rescue: she would have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgements to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also, hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were all refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as he was going to a different part of the country, he took his leave, and we pursued our journey; my wife observing, as we went, that she liked Mr. Burchell extremely, and protesting, that, if he had birth and fortune, to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this strain: one almost at the verge of beggary, thus to assume the language of the most insulting affluence, might excite the ridicule of ill-nature; but I was never much displeased with those innocent delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAP IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness and delight, which depend, not on circumstance, but constitution.

THE place of our new retreat was a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds and were equally strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained a primeval simplicity of manners, and, frugal by long habit, scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with chearfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol; sent true-love knots on Valentine morning; eat pancakes on Shrovetide; showed their wit on the first of April; and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: also a feast was provided for our reception at which we sat chearfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, we made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of

about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures; the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer.— Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the plates, dishes, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not seem to want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own; and the third with two beds, for the rest of my children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: By sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, (for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which, freedom ever destroys friendship), we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat

hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without other guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which, we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played the pipes, another would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever, I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: They still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls, the preceding night, to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion: in this exigence, therefore, my only resource was, to order

my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command ; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—“ Surely, my dear you jest,” cried my wife “ we can walk it perfectly well ; we want no coach to carry us now.” You mistake child,” returned I, “ we do want a coach; for, if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us for a show.” “ Indeed,” replied my wife, “ I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.”——“ You may be as neat as you please,” interrupted I, “ and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children,” continued I more gravely, “ these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut ; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.”

This remonstrance had the proper effect, they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress : and, the next day, I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by being thus curtailed.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hopes upon, generally proves most fatal.

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshaded by an hedge of hawthorn and honey-suckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually all sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here, too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and, as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centuary, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner, we began to find, that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity,

It was about the beginning of Autumn, on a holiday, (for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour), that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians be

gan their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting ; and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family ; but either curiosity or surprize, or some other hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftnefs, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chace, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters, as one certain of a kind reception ; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which, he let us know, that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family ; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar ; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance ; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother ; so that, with a cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but

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very indifferently ; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him, that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding. An age could not have made them better acquainted : While the fond mother, too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him : my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients ; for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at ; for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished at his simplicity : my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took his leave ; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit ; which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit ; for, that she had known even stranger things at last brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them ; and concluded, she protested, she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this argument was directed to me, I protested, I could see no reason for it neither, nor why one got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery and another sat down with a blank. " But those," added I, " who either aim at husbands greater than themselves, or at the ten thousand pound prize, have been fools for their ridiculous

“ claims, whether successful or not.” “ I protest
“ Charles, ” cried my wife, “ this is the way you al-
“ ways damp my girls and me, when we are in spirits.
“ Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our
“ new visitor ? Don’t you think he seemed to be
good-natured ?” “ Immensely so, indeed Mamma,”
replied she. “ I think he has a great deal to say up-
“ on every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more
“ trifling the subject, the more he has to say ; and
“ what is more, I protest he is very handsome.”
“ Yes,” cried Olivia, “ he is well enough for a man;
“ but, for my part, I don’t much like him, he is fo-
“ extremely impudent and familiar : but on the gui-
“ tar he is shocking.” These two last speeches I inter-
preted by contraries. I found, by this that Sophia
internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admi-
red him. “ Whatever may be your opinions of
“ him, my children,” cried I, “ to confess a truth,
“ he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Dispro-
“ portioned friendships ever terminate in disgust, and
“ I thought notwithstanding all his ease, that he seem-
“ ed perfectly sensible of the distance between us.
“ Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There
“ is no character among men more contemptible
“ than that of a fortune-hunter ; and I can see no
“ reason why fortune-hunting women should not be
“ contemptible too. Thus, at best, it will be con-
“ tempt, if his views are honourable : but, if they
“ are otherwise ! I should shudder but to think of
“ that, for, though I have no apprehensions from
“ the conduct of my children, I think there are
“ some from his character.” I would have pro-
ceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the
Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of
venison, and a promise to dine with us some days af-
ter. This well-timed present pleaded more power-
fully in his favour than any thing I had to say could
obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with
just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their

own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

CHAP. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally concluded upon, that we should have a part of the venison for supper ; and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. “ I am sorry,” cried I, “ that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer : feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.”—“ Bless me,” cried my wife, “ here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.”—“ Confute me in argument, child !” cried I, “ you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that : I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pye ; and I beg you’ll leave argument to me.”—As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man’s friendship, for two reasons ; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor Gentleman that would do no good

when he was young, though he was not yet above thirty. He would, at intervals, talk with good sense; but, in general, he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went without something in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grizel. The adventures of Catskin next entertained them, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him ly with him. "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs"——"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first Christians duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world, was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us. Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, "give these boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we

turned the swath to the wind ; I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in hers, and enter into a close conversation : but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before ; but he refused, as he was to ly that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. " What a strong instance," said I, " is that
" poor man of the miseries attending a youth of le-
" vity and extravagance ! He by no means wants
" sense, which only serves to aggravate his former
" folly. Poor forlorn creature ! where are now the
" revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire
" and command ! Gone, perhaps, to attend the
" bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance.
" They once praised him, and now they applaud the
" pander : their former raptures at his wit, are now
" converted into sarcasms at his folly ; he is poor,
" and perhaps deserves poverty ; for he has neither
" the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be
" useful." Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. " What-
" soever his former conduct may be, Papa, his cir-
" cumstances should exempt him from censure now.
" His present indigence is a sufficient punishment
" for former folly ; and I have heard Papa him-
" self say, that we should never strike one unneces-
" sary blow at a victim over whom Providence al-
" ready holds the scourge of its resentment."——
" You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses ; and
" one of the ancients finely represents so malicious

“ a conduct, by the attempts of a rustick to flay
“ Marfyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been
“ wholly stript off by another. Besides I don't know
“ if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father
“ would represent it. We are not to judge of the
“ feelings of others, by what we might feel, if in
“ their place. However dark the habitation of the
“ mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the
“ apartment sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess
“ a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station;
“ on; for I never heard any one more sprightly than
“ he was to-day, when he conversed with you.”

This was said without the least design: however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother: but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were making a *wash* for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew, that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair, by slow degrees, to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAP. VII,

*A town-wit described—The dullest fellows may learn
to be comical for a night or two*

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next ale-house: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the by, the family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed, with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock at St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church ; for this I was thanked by the Chaplain, as, he said, the church was the only mistress of his affections.——“ Come, tell us honestly, Frank, ” said the squire, with his usual archness, “ suppose “ the church your present mistress, dressed in lawn- “ sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no “ lawn about her, on the other, which would you be “ for ? ” “ For both, to be sure, ” cried the chaplain.—“ Right, Frank, ” cried the squire ; “ for, “ may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth “ all the priestcraft in the nation. For, what are “ tithes and tricks, but an imposition, all a confound- “ ed imposture ? and I can prove it. ” “ I wish “ you would, ” cried my son Moses ; “ and I think continued he, “ that I should be able to combat in “ the opposition. ”——“ Very well, Sir, ” cried the Squire, who immediately smoked him, and, winking on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport, “ if you are for a cool argument upon that “ subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And, “ first, Whether are you for managing it analogi- “ cally, or dialogically, ” “ I am for managing it “ rationally, ” cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. “ Good again, ” cried the Squire ; “ and firstly, of the first, I hope you will “ not deny, that whatever is, is. If you don’t grant “ me that, I can go no farther. ” “ Why ” returned Moses, “ I think I may grant that, and make the “ best of it. ” “ I hope, too, ” returned the other, “ you’ll grant that a part is less than the whole. ” “ I grant that too ” cried Moses, “ it is but just and “ reasonable. ”——“ I hope ” cried the Squire, “ you “ will not deny that the two angles of a triangle are “ equal to two right ones. ” “ Nothing can be “ plainer, ” returned t’other, and looked round with his usual importance.——“ Very well ” cried the

Squire, speaking very quick, “ the premises being
“ thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the con-
“ catenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reci-
“ procal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problem-
“ atical dialogism, which in some measure, proves,
“ that the essence of spirituality may be referred to
“ the second predicable.” “ Hold, hold,” cried
the other, “ I deny that : do you think I can thus
“ tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines ! ”
“ What ” replied the Squire, as if in a passion, “ not
“ submit ! Answer me one plain question ; do you
“ think Aristotle right, when he says, that relatives
“ are related ? ” “ Undoubtedly,” replied the other.
“ If so, then,” cried the Squire, “ answer me di-
“ rectly to what I propose : Whether do you judge
“ the analytical investigation of the first part of my
“ enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad
“ minus ? And give me your reasons, too ; give
“ me your reasons, I say, directly.” “ I protest,”
cried Moses. I don’t rightly comprehend the force
“ of your reasoning ; but if it be reduced to one
“ simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an an-
“ swer. — “ O Sir,” cried the Squire, I am your
“ most humble servant ; I find you want me to fur-
“ nish you with arguments and intellects both. No,
“ Sir ; there, I protest, you are too hard for me.—
This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses,
who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry
faces : nor did he offer a single syllable more during
the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had
a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook this
humour, which was a mere act of the memory, for
real wit. She thought him, therefore, a very fine
gentleman ; and such as consider what powerful in-
gredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune
are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr.
Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talk-
ed with ease, and could expatiate upon the common

topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it when found in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition and now you see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that, indeed?" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman, with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman: so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely passive in their reception he is no more to be blamed for their incur-sions, than the governor of a city without walls, for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but, if the gover-

“ nor invites the enemy, there he is justly culpable.
“ And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not ly in assenting
“ to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. Like corrupt judges
“ on a bench, they determine right on that part of the evidence they hear ; but they will not hear all the evidence. Thus, my son, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet,
“ as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly.”

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument : she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands ; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses : “ And who knows, my dear” continued she, “ what Olivia may be able to do ? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject ; and, to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy.”

“ Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read ?” cried I. “ It does not occur to my memory that I ever put such books into her hands : you certainly over-rate her merit.” “ Indeed, papa,” replied Olivia, “ she does not : I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwakum and Square, the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage ; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.” “ Very well,” cried I, “ that’s a good girl : I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts ; and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pye.”

CHAP. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return ; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment ; for he wrought among us with vigour ; and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say, that lessened our toil ; and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter : he would in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress ; and, when he bought each of the girls a set of ribands, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell seemed to give chearfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges ; the familiar redbreast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands ; and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. “ I ne-

“ ver fit thus,” says Sophia, “ but I think of the
 “ two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay,
 “ who were struck dead in each others arms, under
 “ a barley mow. There is something so pathetic
 “ in the description, that I have read it an hundred
 “ times with new rapture.” “ In my opinion,”
 cried my son, “ the finest strokes of that descrip-
 “ tion are much below those in the *Acis and Gala-*
 “ *tea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the
 “ use of *contrast* better ; and upon that figure, art-
 “ fully managed, all strength in the pathetic de-
 “ pends.” “ It is remarkable,” cried Mr. Burchell,
 “ that both the poets you mention, have equally
 “ contributed to introduce a false taste into their
 “ respective countries, by loading all their lines
 “ with epithet. Men of little genius found them
 “ most easily imitated in their defects ; and English
 “ poetry, like that in the later empire of Rome,
 “ is nothing at present, but a combination of luxu-
 “ riant images, without plot or connection ; a string
 “ of epithets, that improve the sound, without car-
 “ rying on the sense. But perhaps, Madam, while
 “ I thus reprehend others, you will think it just
 “ that I should give them an opportunity to reta-
 “ liate ; and, indeed, I have made this remark,
 “ only to have an opportunity of introducing to the
 “ company a ballad, which, whatever be its other
 “ defects, is, I think, at least, free from those I
 “ have mentioned.”

A BALLAD.

“ TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 “ And guide my lonely way

- “ To where yon taper cheers the vale
“ With hospitable ray.
- “ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow ;
“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
“ Seem lengthening as I go.”
- “ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
“ For yonder phantom only flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.
- “ Here, to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still ;
“ And, though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good-will.
- “ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows :
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.
- “ No flocks that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn ;
“ Taught by that power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them.
- “ But from the mountain’s grassy side
“ A guiltless feast I bring ;
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
“ For earth-born cares are wrong ;
“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The grateful stranger slowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far shelter’d in a glade obscure,
The modest mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care ;
The door just opening with a latch,
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press’d, and smil’d ;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil’d.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;

The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The cracking faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd :
And " Whence, " unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
" Reluctant dost thou rove ?
" Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
" Are trifling, and decay ;
" And those who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship, but a name,
" A charm that lulls to sleep ;
" A shade that follows wealth or fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
" The haughty fair one's jest :
" On earth unseen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex,” he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
The bashful guest betray’d.

He sees unnumber’d beauties rise,
Expanding to the view ;
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And “ Ah forgive a stranger rude,
“ A wretch forlorn,” she cried ;
“ Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
“ Where heav’n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
“ Whom love has taught to stray ;
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair
“ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne ;
“ A wealthy lord was he ;
“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
“ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
“ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“ And felt, or feign’d a flame.

- “ Each morn the gay fantastic crowd
“ With richest proffers strove :
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.
- “ In humblest, simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth nor power had he ;
“ A constant heart was all he had,
“ But what was all to me.
- “ The blossom opening to the day,
“ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display,
“ To emulate his mind.
- “ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine ;
“ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine.
- “ For still I try’d each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain ;
“ And, while his passion touch’d my heart,
“ I triumph’d in his pain.
- “ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride ;
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,
“ in secret, where he dy’d.
- “ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay ;

- “ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
“ And stretch me where he lay.
“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
“ I’ll lay me down and die :
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
“ And so for him will I.”
“ Thou shalt not thus—” the hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wond’ring fair one turn’d to chide ;
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.
“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
“ My charmer, turn, to see
“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
“ Restor’d to love and thee.
“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“ And ev’ry care resign :
“ And shall we never, never part,
“ O thou—— my all that’s mine ?
“ No, never, from this hour to part :
“ We’ll live and love so true,
“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and, immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the Squire’s

chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive, that Sophia, in the fright, had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming, that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman-like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse; but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct her mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended, that night, giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the grass-plot before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect, for my reward, to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour: "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements." Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment, for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding, that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary: nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a middle-aged man, of broken fortune, to a sprightly young fellow of twenty-two. But as men are

most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments upon us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAP. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced.—Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. BURCHELL had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under-gentlemen, and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enow for the whole company ; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed, that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs ; and, as we were in want of ladies also, to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters flaunting with red top-knots. But there was an un-

lucky circumstance, which was not adverted to: though the Miss Flam boroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they began to go merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that, though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flam borough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, by the *living jingo*, she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him.

The conversation, at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high-life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topicks; such as pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses. It is true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly, by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptoms of their distinction, (though I am since informed, that swear-

ing is now perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss, was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia, quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished, than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. "And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part," continued he, "my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims; but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia, pleasure, it should be hers; and the only favour I would ask in return would be, to add myself to the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world, as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family which you now condescend to favour with your company, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that, may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, Sir, is our only possession at present; and, of that last treasure, we must be particularly careful."—I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping

my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. "As to your present hint," continued he, "I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No ; by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste ; for all my amours are carried by a *coup de-main*."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue : in this, my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined ; and the Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was well pleased that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time, to be edified by such good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded, if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal ; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of retiring. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part from my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties ; the girls, too, looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity, I made two or three excuses ; which my daughters as readily removed ; so that, at last, I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal ; for which we had nothing but fullen looks and short answers, the whole day ensuing.

CHAP. X.

The family endeavours to cope with their betters.—The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I NOW began to find, that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters, awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows now again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes; that working after dinner would redden their noses; and convinced me, that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon cat-gut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintances; and the whole conversation ran upon high life, and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them hap-

py. I gave each of them a shilling ; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets ; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closetted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.—“ Well, my girls, how have you sped ? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth ?—“ I protest, papa,” says the girl, with a serious face, “ I believe she deals “ with somebody that’s not right ; for she positively “ declared, that I am to be married to a great “ Squire, in less than a twelvemonth !”—“ Well, “ now, Sophy, my child,” said I, “ and what sort of “ a husband are you to have ?”—“ Sir,” replied she, “ I am to have a Lord, soon after my sister has been “ married to the Squire.”——How,” cried I, “ is “ that all you are to have for your two shillings ! “ Only a Lord and a Squire for two Shillings ! You “ fools, I could have promised you a Prince and a “ Nabob for half the money.”

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects : we now began to think ourselves designed by the Stars for something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite ; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising ; and as the whole parish asserted, that the Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him ; for they persuaded her into passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the

most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones ; the sign of an approaching wedding :—at another time, she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings ; a certain sign of their being one day stuffed with gold. The girls had their omens too : they felt strange kisses on their lips ; they saw rings in the candle ; purses bounced from the fire ; and true-love knots lurked at the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies ; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning, I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me, with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing, for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening, they began their operations in a very regular manner ; and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus : “ I fancy, Charles, “ my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.”—“ Perhaps we “ may, my dear,” returned I ; “ though you need “ be under no uneasiness about that ; you shall have “ a sermon, whether there be or not.”——“ That “ is what I expect,” returned she ; “ but I think, “ my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as “ possible ; for, who knows what may happen ?”—— “ Your precautions,” replied I, “ are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in “ church is what charms me. We should be devout “ and humble, cheerful and serene.” “ Yes,” cried she, “ I know that ; but I mean, we shall go there “ in as proper a manner as possible ; not altogether “ like the scrubs about us.” “ You are quite right, “ my dear,” returned I, “ and I was going to make

“ the very same propofal. The proper manner of go-
“ ing, is, to go there as early as poffible, to have
“ time for meditation before the fervice begins.”
“ Phoo, Charles,” interrupted fhe, “ all that is very
“ true ; but not what I would be at. I mean, we
“ fhould go there genteelly. You know the church
“ is two miles off ; and I proteft I don’t like to fee
“ my daughters trudging up to their pew, all blowz-
“ ed and red with walking, and looking, for all the
“ world, as if they had been winners at a fmock-
“ race. Now, my dear, my propofal is this : there
“ are our two plough-horfes, the Colt that has been
“ in our family thefe nine years, and his companion
“ Blackberry, that have fcarce done an earthly thing
“ for this month paff, and are both grown fat and
“ lazy. Why fhould not they do something as well
“ as we ? And, let me tell you, when Mofes has
“ trimmed them a little, they will not be fo contem-
“ ptible.”

To this propofal, I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than fuch a paltry conveyance ; as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the Colt wanted a tail : that they had never been broke to the rein ; but had an hundred vicious tricks ; and that we had but one faddle and pillion in the whole houfe. All thefe objections, however, were over-ruled ; fo that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little bufy in collecting fuch materials as might be neceffary for the expedition : but as I found it would be a bufinefs of much time, I walked on to the church before, and they promifed fpeedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival ; but not finding them come, as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the fervice, not without fome uneafinefs at finding them abfent. This was increafed when all was finifhed, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horfe-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two ; and, when got

about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found, by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward, for about two hundred yards, with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them, before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still; and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it might give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CAAP. XI.

The family still resolved to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts, and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lambs-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was thought ex-

cellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before : however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion ; and it gave me pleasure to think that she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that ; and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company, at this play, plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a-shoe, which the company shove about under their hams, from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe, on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer ; when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs ! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification. Death ! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes ! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We

seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account, the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But, as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole route was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours; my Lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well, (replied our Peerefs) this I can say, that the Dutcheffs never told me a syllable of the matter; and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. But this you may depend u-

“ pon as a fact, that the next morning my Lord
 “ Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-cham-
 “ bre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my
 “ garters. ”

But, previously, I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and, at the conclusion of every sentence, would cry out *fudge*; an expression which displeased us all, and, in some measure, damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

“ Besides, my dear Skeggs, (continued our Peers-
 “ es) there is nothing of this in the copy of verses
 “ that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion. ”

“ I am surpris'd at that, (cried Miss Skeggs ;)
 “ for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes
 “ only for his own amusement. But can your la-
 “ dyship favour me with a sight of them. ”

“ My dear creature, (replied our Peerefs,) do you
 “ think I carry such things about me? Though
 “ they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself
 “ something of a judge ; at least, I know what plea-
 “ ses myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all
 “ Dr. Burdock's little pieces ; for, except what he
 “ does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-Square,
 “ there's nothing comes out but the most lowest
 “ stuff in nature ; not a bit of high life among them. ”

“ Your ladyship should except,” says t'other, your
 “ own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll
 “ say there's nothing low-lived there ; but I sup-
 “ pose we are to have no more from that quarter. ”
 “ Why, my dear,” says the lady, “ you know my
 “ reader and companion has left me, to be married
 “ to Captain Roch ; and, as my poor eyes won't
 “ suffer me to write myself, I have been for some
 “ time looking out for another. A proper person is
 “ no easy matter to find ; and, to be sure, thirty
 “ pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred
 “ girl of character, that can read, write, and behave

in company ; as for the chits about town, there is
“ no bearing them about one.”

“ That I know,” cried Miss Skeggs, “ by experi-
“ ence : for, of the three companions I had this last
“ half year, one of them refused to do plain work an
“ hour in the day ; another thought twenty-five
“ guineas a year too small a salary ; and I was ob-
“ liged to send away the third, because I suspected
“ an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear
“ Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price ; but
“ where is that to be found ?”

My wife had been for a long time all attention to
this discourse ; but was particularly struck with the
latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five
guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings
English money : all which was, in a manner, going
a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family.
She for a moment studied my looks for approbation ;
and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such
places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if
the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daugh-
ter, this would be the way to make her every way
qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was
resolved that she should not be deprived of such ad-
vantages for want of assurance ; and undertook to
harangue for the family. “ I hope,” cried she, “ your
“ Ladyships will pardon my present presumption.
“ It is true, we have no right to pretend to such fa-
“ vours ; but yet, it is natural for me to wish put-
“ ting my children forward in the world ; and, I will
“ be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty
“ good education, and capacity, at least the country
“ can’t show better. They can read, write, and cast
“ accounts ; they understand their needle, bread-
“ stich, cross and change, and all manner of plain
“ work ; they can pink, point, and frill, and know
“ something of music : they can do up small clothes ;

“ work upon catgut ; my eldest can cut paper ;
“ and my youngest has a very pretty manner of tel-
“ ling fortunes upon the cards ”

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, That the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them, from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments :
“ But a thing of this kind, Madam,” cried she, addressing my spouse, “ requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge
“ of each other. Not, Madam,” continued she, “ that
“ I in the least suspect the young ladies’ virtue, prudence, and discretion ; but there is a form in these
“ things, Madam, there is a form.”

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself ; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character : but this our Peerefs declined as unnecessary, alleging, that her cousin Thornhill’s recommendation would be sufficient ; and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAP. XII.

*Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield.
Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.*

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was, in obtaining the Squire's recommendation ; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship, to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme : " Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."——" Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.——" What ! only pretty well," returned she ; " I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town ! and this I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day : and, as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be ! *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly ; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I

“ did for my children there ?”—“ Ay,” returned I not knowing well what to think of the matter ; “ Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months !” This was one of those observations I usually made, to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity ; for, if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled ; but, if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme ; and, indeed, I dreaded as much. This was nothing less, than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly ; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself ; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold ; and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. “ No my dear,” said she, “ our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage : you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out, and higgles, and actually tires them, till he gets a bargain.”

As I had some opinion of my son’s prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with the commission ; and, the next morning, I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair ; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him, to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call Thunder-and-lightning ; which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown a-

way. His waistcoat was of goslin green ; and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, Good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, That he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendations.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill, of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries more, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. " Ay cried my wife, I now see it is no easy matter to get " into the families of the great ; but when one once " gets in, then, as Moses says, they may go sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented, with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand to her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a penny-worth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel skin purse, as being the most lucky ; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was, in some measure, displeasing ; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice ; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies

he shook his head, and observed, That an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection.——

This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife.

“ I never doubted, Sir,” cried she, “ your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have

“ more circumspection than is wanted. However,

“ I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will ap-

“ ply to persons who seem to have made use of it to

“ themselves.”——Whatever my own conduct may

“ have been, Madam,” replied he, is not the present

“ question ; though, as I have made no use of advice

“ myself, I should, in conscience, give it to those that

“ will.” As I was apprehensive this answer might

draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it

wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to

wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as

it was now almost night-fall. “ Never mind our

“ son,” cried my wife, “ depend upon it, he knows

“ what he is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him

“ sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy

“ such bargains as would amaze one. I’ll tell you

“ a good story about that, that will make you split

“ your sides with laughing.——But, as I live, yonder

“ comes Moses, without an horse, and the box at his

“ back.”

“ As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and

sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped

round his shoulders.——“ Welcome, welcome, Mo-

“ ses ; well my boy, what have you brought us from

“ the fair ? “ I have brought you myself,” cried Mo-

ses, with a sly look, and resting the box upon the dres-

ser.——“ Ay Moses,” cried my wife, “ that we

“ know ; but where is the horse ?” “ I have sold

“ him,” cried Moses, “ for three pounds five shil-

“ lings and twopence.” “ Well done, my good

“ boy,” returned she ; “ I knew you would touch

“ them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five

“ shillings and twopence is no bad days work.

“Come, let us have it then.” “I have brought
“back no money,” cried Moses again. “I have
“laid it all out in a bargain; and here it is,” pulling
out a bundle from his breast: “here they are; a
“gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shag-
“reen cases.”——“A gross of green spectacles!”
repeated my wife in a faint voice. And you have
parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing
“but a gross of green paltry spectacles!”——
“Dear mother,” cried the boy, “why won’t you
“listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I
“should not have bought them. The silver rims
“alone will sell for double the money.” “A fig
“for the silver rims,” cried my wife in a passion;
“I dare swear they will not sell for above half the
“money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings
“an ounce.” “You need be under no uneasiness,”
“cried I, “about selling the rims: for, I perceive
“they are only copper varnished over.” “What!”
cried my wife, “not silver, the rims not silver!”
“No,” cried I, “no more silver than your sauce-pan.”
“And so,” returned she, “we have parted with the
“colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles,
“with copper rims and shagreen cases; A murrain
“take such trumpery. The blockhead has been im-
“posed upon, and should have known his company
“better.” “There, my dear,” cried I, “you are
“wrong; he should not have known them at all.”——
“Marry, hang the idiot,” returned she again, “to
“bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw
“them into the fire.” “There, again, you are wrong,
“my dear,” cried I; “for, though they be cop-
“per, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles,
“you know are better than nothing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He

fold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under a pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying, that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flam-borough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so, at last, we were persuaded to buy the two grofs between us."

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each, as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I "how little there is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate themselves with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Un-

“ equal combinations are always disadvantageous to
“ the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, and the
“ poor the inconveniences, that result from them.
“ But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable that
“ you were reading to-day, for the good of the com-
“ pany.”

“ Once upon a time,” cried the child, “ a giant
“ and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They
“ made a bargain, that they would never forsake
“ each other, but go seek adventures. The first bat-
“ tle they fought was with two Saracens; and the
“ dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the
“ champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen
“ but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword,
“ fairly struck off the poor dwarf’s arm. He was
“ now in a woful plight: but the giant coming to
“ his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens
“ dead on the plain; and the dwarf cut off the dead
“ man’s head, out of spite. They then travelled on
“ to another adventure: This was against three
“ bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a
“ damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so
“ fierce now as before; but, for all that, struck the
“ first blow, which was returned by another, that
“ knocked out his eye: but the giant was soon up
“ with them; and, had they not fled, would cer-
“ tainly have killed them every one. They were all
“ very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who
“ was relieved fell in love with the giant, and mar-
“ ried him. They now travelled far, and farther
“ than I can tell, till they met with a company of
“ robbers. The giant, for the first time, was fore-
“ most now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The
“ battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant
“ came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to
“ have been killed more than once. At last, the
“ victory declared for the two adventurers; but the
“ dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without
“ an arm, a leg, and an eye: while the giant, who

“ was without a single wound, cried out to him,
“ Come on, my little hero ; this is glorious sport :
“ let us get one victory more, and then we shall
“ have honour for ever. No, cries the dwarf, who
“ was by this time grown wiser ; no, I declare off ;
“ I’ll fight no more : for I find, that, in every battle,
“ you get all the honour and rewards, but all the
“ blows fall upon me.”

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters’ intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and, at last, was obliged to take shelter from a defeat, in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all : she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised ; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house, for the future.—“ Madam,” cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, “ as for secret reasons,
“ you are right : I have secret reasons, which I for-
“ bear to mention, because you are not able to an-
“ swer those of which I make no secret : but I find
“ my visits here are become troublesome ; I’ll take
“ my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once
“ more, to take a final farewell, when I am quitting
“ the country.” Thus saying he took up his hat ; nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with

a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: "How, woman!" cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips!"—"Why would he provoke me, then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-liv'd fellows as he." "Low-liv'd, my dear, do you call him?" cried I; "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew——Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me Sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing; as to aught else, no never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor." "Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle; but I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three spe-

cious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward ; and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to punish by accusing.

CHAP. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration, that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and to inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensibly necessary, that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without some expence.— We debated, therefore, in council, what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished ; it was found, that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye. It was therefore determined, that we should dispose of him, for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair ; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opin-

pinion a man forms of his own prudence, is measured by that of the company he keeps : and, as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife however next morning at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces ; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, would have nothing to say to him : a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home : a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money : a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts : a fifth, more impertinent than all the rest, wondered what a plague I could do to the fair, with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every new customer ; for though I did not entirely believe all that the fellows told me, yet I reflected, that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right ; and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book which he was reading. I never

in my life, saw a figure that preposessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures: take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back, adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention; and, when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast, which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to

“ say, successfully, fought against the deuterogamy
 “ of the age.” “ Sir,” cried the stranger, struck
 with awe, “ I fear I have been too familiar ; but
 “ you’ll forgive my curiosity, Sir : I beg pardon.”
 “ Sir,” cried I, grasping his hand, “ you are so
 “ far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that
 “ I must beg you’ll accept my friendship, as you al-
 “ ready have all my esteem.”—“ Then with grati-
 “ tude I accept the offer,” cried he, squeezing me
 “ by the hand, thou glorious pillar of unshaken or-
 “ thodoxy ; and do I behold——”

I here interrupted what he was going to say ; for
 though, as an author, I could digest no small share
 of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no
 more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemen-
 ted a more instantaneous friendship. We talked u-
 pon several subjects ; at first I thought he seemed ra-
 ther devout than learned, and began to think he
 despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no
 way lessened him in my esteem ; for I had, for some
 time begun privately to harbour such an opinion
 myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that
 the world, in general, began to be blameably in-
 different as to doctrinal matters, and followed hu-
 man speculations too much.——“ Ay, Sir,” re-
 plied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that
 moment, “ Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage ; and
 “ yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has
 “ puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley
 “ of opinions have they not broached upon the cre-
 “ ation of the world ? Sanconiathon, Manetho,
 “ Berofus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted
 “ it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon*
 “ *ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply, that all
 “ things have neither beginning nor end. Mane-
 “ tho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-
 “ Affer, Affer being a Syriac word, usually applied
 “ as a surname to the kings of that country, as
 “ Teglat Phael-Affer, Nabon-Affer, he, I say, for-

“ med a conjecture equally absurd ; for, as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world ; so he attempted to investigate—But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question. ”——

That he actually was ; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of ; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring him to the touchstone ; but he was too mild, and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing ; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity, to that which brought us both to the fair, mine, I told him, was to sell an horse ; and, very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered the landlady to call up his footman, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. “ Here, Abraham, (cried he,) go and get gold for this ; you’ll do it at neighbour Jackson’s, or any where. ” While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold ; and, by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed, that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all ; but the old gentleman ha-

ving paused a little, asked me, if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country? upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour, " If that be the case, then, (returned he,) I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draught upon him, payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I. " A draught upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draught was signed, and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse Blackberry, trotted off, very well pleased with each other.

Being now left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong, in taking a draught from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon having back my horse, and following the purchaser. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolved to get the draught changed into money at my friend's, as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door; and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. " You can read the name, I suppose (cried I,) Ephraim Jenkinson? "— " Yes, (returned he,) the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning, about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world? To this I replied with a groan.— " Ay, (continued he,) he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away, whenever he finds a scho-

lar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's sweet visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day, to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over: The two ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was, to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAP. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villany at once detected.—The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening, and a part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies ; scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion, best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects ; but what particularly engaged our attention, was, a sealed note, superscribed, *The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornbill castle.* It instantly occurred that he was the base informer ; and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it ; but Sophia, who said she was sure, that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows :

“ LADIES,

“ The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes : one, at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced.

I am informed, for a truth, that you have some intentions of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe; and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner, we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe, the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching revenge. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose, we

agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little ; but then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach ; he entered, drew a chair, and sat down.—“ A fine day, Mr. Burchell.”——“ A very fine day, Doctor ; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns,”——“ The shooting of your horns,” cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. “ Dear Madam,” replied he, I pardon you with all my heart ; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke till you told “ me.”——Perhaps not, Sir,” cried my wife, winking at us, and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes “ go to an ounce.” “ I fancy, Madam,” returned Burchell, “ you have been reading a jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit ; and yet, Madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.”——“ I believe you might, cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her ; “ and yet, I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have very little.”——“ And, no doubt,” replied her antagonist, “ you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.”——I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business ; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. “ Both wit and understanding,” cried I, “ are trifles, without integrity : it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many ; for, what is genius or courage without an heart ! *An honest man is the noblest work of God.*”

“ I always held that favourite maxim of pope,

returned Mr. Burchell, “ as very unworthy a man
“ of genius, and a base desertion of his own superi-
“ ority. As the reputation of books is raised, not
“ by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of
“ their beauties: so should that of men be prized,
“ not for their exemption from fault, but the size of
“ those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar
“ may want prudence, the statesman may have pride,
“ and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to
“ these men the low mechanic, who laboriously plods
“ on through life, without censure or applause? We
“ might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of
“ the Flemish school, to the erroneous, but sublime
“ animations of the Roman pencil.”

“ Sir,” replied I, “ your present observation is just,
“ when there are shining virtues and minute defects;
“ but when it appears, that great vices are opposed
“ in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such
“ a character deserves contempt.”

“ Perhaps,” cried he, “ there may be some such
“ monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to
“ great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I
“ never yet found one instance of their existence;
“ on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that, where
“ the mind was capacious, the affections were good.
“ And, indeed, Providence seems kindly our friend
“ in this particular, thus to debilitate the understand-
“ ing where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the
“ power, where there is the will to do mischief.
“ This rule seems to extend even to other animals:
“ the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel,
“ and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength
“ and power, are generous, brave, and gentle.”

“ These observations sound well,” returned I;
“ and yet it would be easy this moment to point
“ out a man,” and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon
him, “ whose head and heart form a most detest-
“ able contrast.” “ Ay, Sir,” continued I rais-
ing my voice, “ and I am glad to have this oppor-

“ tunity of detecting him in the midst of his fan-
“ cied security. Do you know this, Sir, this pock-
“ et-book ?”——“ Yes, Sir,” returned he, with a
face of impenetrable assurance, “ that pocket-
“ book is mine ; and I am glad you have found
“ it.”——“ And do you know,” cried I, this let-
“ ter ? Nay, never falter, man ; but look me full
“ in the face : I say, do you know this letter ?”——
“ That letter,” returned he ; “ yes ; it was I that
“ wrote that letter.” “ And how could you,” said
I, “ so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write
“ this letter ?”——“ And how came you,” re-
“ plied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery,
“ so basely presume to break open this letter ?
“ Don’t you know, now, I could hang you all for
“ this ? All that I have to do, is to swear at the
“ next justice’s, that you have been guilty of break-
“ ing open the lock of my pocket-book, and so
“ hang you all up at his door.” This piece of un-
expected insolence raised me to such a pitch, that I
could scarce govern my passion. “ Ungrateful
“ wretch, be gone, and no longer pollute my dwell-
“ ling with thy baseness. Be gone and never let
“ me see thee again : go from my doors ; and the
“ only punishment I wish thee, is an alarmed con-
“ science, “ which will be a sufficient tormentor !”
So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he
took up with a smile, and, shutting the clasps with
the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at
the serenity of his assurance. My wife was parti-
cularly enraged, that nothing could make him an-
gry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies.—
“ My dear,” cried I, willing to calm those passions
that had been raised too high among us, “ we are
not to be surprized that bad men want shame ; they
“ only blush at being detected in doing good, but
“ glory in their vices.”

“ Guilt and Shame, says the allegory, were at

“ first companions, and, in the beginning of their
 “ journey, inseparably kept together. But their
 “ union was soon found to be disagreeable, and in-
 “ convenient to both: Guilt gave Shame frequent
 “ uneasiness; and Shame often betrayed the secret
 “ conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement,
 “ therefore, they at length consented to part for
 “ ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to o-
 “ vertake Fate that went before, in the shape of an
 “ executioner: but shame being naturally timor-
 “ ous returned back to keep company with Virtue.
 “ which in the beginning of their journey they had
 “ left behind. Thus, my children, after men have
 “ travelled through a few stages in vice, they no
 “ longer continue to have shame at doing evil, and
 “ shame attends only upon their virtues.”

CHAP. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed with still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sen-
 sations, the rest of the family were easily
 consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence, by the com-
 pany of our landlord, whose visits now became more
 frequent and longer. Though he had been disap-
 pointed in procuring my daughters the amusements
 of the town, as he designed, he took every opportu-
 nity of supplying them with those little recreations
 which our retirement would admit of. He usually
 came in the morning; and while my son and I follow-
 ed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at
 home, and amused them by describing the town, with

every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses ; and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his defects. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art, to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia ; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering ; it was her fingers gave the pickles their peculiar green ; and in the composition of a pudding, her judgment was infallible. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely like each other, and would bid both stand up, to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet, we thought, fell but little short of it ; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending a rich uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of the family ; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner who travelled the country, and did them for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a

sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and, notwithstanding all I could say, (and I said much), it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for, what could I do? our next deliberation was, to show the superiority of our taste, in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges; a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something done in a brighter style; and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution to be drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all; and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, with a stomacher richly set with diamonds, and her two little ones as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Bangorean controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could spare; and Moses was to be dressed out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all, as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family in reality; nor could we refuse his request. The painter was, therefore, set to work; and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large; and, it must be owned, he did not

spare his colours ; for which, my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance : but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point, is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we were at this time all greatly overseen. Instead, therefore, of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, there it leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen-wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it should be got out, and still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But, though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more ill-natured suggestions in many. The Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Malicious whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity continually to be disturbed, by persons who came as friends, to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit ; but scandal ever improves by opposition. We again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution, which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this ; as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then fixed upon to terrify him with a rival, which, it was thought, would com-

pel him, though never so refractory. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances, that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if Mr. Thornhill did not prevent it, by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution ; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation ; which my wife artfully introduced, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were sure of getting good husbands : “ But “ Heaven help,” continued she, “ the girls that have “ none. What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill ? or “ what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifica- “ tions in the world, in this age of self-interest ? It “ is not, What is she ? but, What has she ? is all the “ cry.”

“ Madam,” returned he, “ I highly approve the “ justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks ; “ and, if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It “ would then, indeed, be fine times with the girls “ without fortunes : our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.”

“ Ah, Sir :” returned my wife, “ you are pleased “ to be facetious ; but I wish I were a queen, and “ then I know where they should look for an hus- “ band. But now that you have put into my head, “ seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can’t you recommend a “ proper husband for my eldest girl ? She is now “ nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated,

“ and, in my humble opinion, does not want for
“ parts.”

“ Madam,” replied he, “ if I were to choose, I
“ would find out a person possessed of every accom-
“ plishment that can make an angel happy. One with
“ prudence, fortune, taste and sincerity ; such Ma-
“ dam, would be, in my opinion, the proper hus-
“ band ” “ Ay, Sir,” said she, “ but do you know
“ of any such person ? ”——“ No, Madam,” return-
“ ed he, “ it is impossible to know any person that
“ deserves to be her husband : she’s too great a trea-
“ sure for one man’s possession : she’s a goddess.
“ Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she’s an an-
“ gel.”——Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter
“ my poor girl : But we have been thinking of mar-
“ rying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is
“ lately dead, and who wants a manager : you know
“ whom I mean, farmer Williams ; a warm man,
“ Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread ; ay,
“ and who has several times made her proposals,
“ (which was actually the case) : but Sir,” concluded
“ she, “ I should be glad to have your approbation
“ of our choice.”——How Madam,” replied he,
“ my approbation ! My approbation of such a choice !
“ Never. What ! Sacrifice so much beauty, and
“ sense, and goodness to a creature insensible of the
“ blessing ! Excuse me ; I can never approve of such
“ a piece of injustice ! And I have my reasons ! ”——
“ Indeed, Sir,” cried Deborah, “ if you have your
“ reasons, that’s another affair ; but I should be glad
“ to know those reasons.”——Excuse me, Madam,”
“ returned he, “ they ly too deep for discovery, (lay-
“ ing his hand upon his bosom) : they remain buried,
“ rivetted here.”

After he was gone, upon general consultation, we
could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments.
Olivia considered them as instances of the most ex-
alted passion : but I was not quite so sanguine : it
seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love

than matrimony in them ; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, since my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAP. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation.

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere.—It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion ; so that, in an evening or two after, he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger : but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting, which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and, with a pensive air, took leave ; though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But, whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of those interviews between her lovers, of which

there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. “You now see, my child,” said I, “that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill’s passion was all a dream : he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you, by a candid declaration himself.”——“Yes, papa,” returned she, “but he has his reasons for this delay : I know he has.—The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you, that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.” “Olivia, my darling,” returned I, “every scheme that has been hitherto pursued, to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself ; nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you.—But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will be ever instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill placed passion —— Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted ; but, at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist, that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life, demands this from me ; and my tenderness as a parent, shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name then your day ; let it be as distant as you think proper ; and, in the mean time, take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time, on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest, that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you forever.”——This proposal, which she could not a-

void considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and, at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt, gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought and spent in tears. One week passed away; but her lover made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week, he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third, he discontinued his visits entirely, and, instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution. It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family, at night, were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Bused in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family: What is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well: and I was just now thinking, that, when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing tubs for nothing. "That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits, into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses.

“ and I think he goes through it very prettily.”
 “ Does he so ?” cried I, “ then let us have it :
 “ Where’s little Dick ? let him up with it boldly.”
 “ —My brother Dick,” cried Bill, my youngest,
 “ is just gone out with sister Livy ; but Mr. Wil-
 “ liams has taught me two songs, and I’ll sing them
 “ for you, Papa. Which song do you choose, *The*
 “ *Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad*
 “ *Dog* ?” —The Elegy, child, by all means,” said I ;
 “ I never heard that yet ; and Deborah my life ;
 “ grief, you know, is dry ; let us have a bottle of the
 “ best gooseberry wine to keep up our spirits. I have
 “ wept so much at all sorts of elegies, of late, that,
 “ without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will,
 “ overcome me ; and Sophy, love, take your guitar
 “ and thrum in with the boy a little.”

An ELEGY on the death of a MAD DOG.

“ Good people all, of every sort,
 “ Give ear unto my song ;
 “ And, if you find it wondrous short,
 “ It cannot hold you long.

“ In Islington there was a man,
 “ Of whom the world might say,
 “ That still a godly race he ran,
 “ Whene’er he went to pray.

“ A kind and gentle heart he had,
 “ To comfort friends and foes ;
 “ The naked ev’ry day he clad,
 “ When he put on his clothes.

- “ And in that town a dog was found,
 “ As many dogs there be,
 “ Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 “ And curs of low degree.

 “ This dog and man at first were friends;
 “ But, when a pique began,
 “ The dog, to gain his private ends,
 “ Went mad, and bit the man.

 “ Around from all the neighb’ring streets,
 “ The wondering neighbours ran,
 “ And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 “ To bite so good a man.

 “ The wound it seem’d both fore and sad,
 “ To every Christian eye;
 “ And, while they swore the dog was mad,
 “ They swore the man would die.

 “ But soon a wonder came to light,
 “ That shewed the rogues they ly’d;
 “ The man recovered of the bite,
 “ The dog it was that dy’d.”

 “ A very good boy, Bill, upon my word, and an e-
 “ legy that may truly be called tragical.—Come,
 “ my children, here’s Bill’s health, and may he one
 “ day be a bishop.
 “ With all my heart, (cried my wife;) and if
 “ he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no
 “ doubt of him. The most of his family, by the
 “ mother’s side, could sing a good song: it was a
 “ common saying in our country, that the family of
 “ the Blinkinsops could never look straight before

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“ them, nor the Hugginses blow out a candle: that
 “ there were none of the Grograms but could sing
 “ a good song, or of the Marjorams but could tell
 “ a story.”——“ However that be, (cried I,) the
 “ most vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases me
 “ better than, the fine modern ones, and things that
 “ petrify us in a single stanza: productions that we
 “ at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your
 “ brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegists
 “ is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the
 “ sensible part of mankind very little pain.—A lady
 “ loses her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home
 “ to versify the disaster. ”

“ That may be the mode, (cried Moses,) in sub-
 “ limer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs,
 “ that come down to us, are perfectly familiar, and
 “ all cast in the same mould. Colin meets Dolly
 “ and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a
 “ fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him
 “ with a nosegay, and then they go together to
 “ church, where they give good advice to young
 “ nymphs and swains, to get married as fast as
 “ they can. ”

“ And very good advice too, (cried I:) and I am
 “ told, there is not a place in the world where ad-
 “ vice can be given with so much propriety as there;
 “ for, while it persuades us to marry, it also fur-
 “ nishes us with a wife; and surely, my boy, that
 “ must be an excellent market, where we are told
 “ what we want, and supplied with it when want-
 “ ing. ”

“ Yes Sir. (returned Moses.) and I know but
 “ of two such markets for wives in Europe; Rane-
 “ lagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain.—
 “ The Spanish market is kept open once a year,
 “ but our English wives are saleable every night. ”
 “ “ You are right, my boy,” cried his mother;
 “ Old England is the only place in the world for
 “ husbands to get wives.”——“ And for wives to

“manage their husbands,” interrupted I. “It is
“a proverb abroad, that, if a bridge were built a-
“cross the sea, all the ladies of the Continent
“would come over to take pattern from ours; for
“there are no such wives in Europe as our own.”

“But, let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my
“life; and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks
“do we not owe to Heaven, for thus bestowing
“tranquillity, health, and competence? I think
“myself happier now than the greatest monarch up-
“on earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such plea-
“sant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, my dear, we
“are now growing old; but the evening of our life
“is likely to be happy. We are descended from an-
“cestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a
“good and virtuous race of children behind us.
“While we live, they will be our support and plea-
“sure here, and, when we die, they will transmit
“our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son,
“we wait for your song; let us have a chorus. But
“where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub’s
“voice is always sweetest in the concert.”——Just
as I spoke, Dick came running in. “O Papa, Pa-
“pa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my
“sister Livy is gone from us for ever.”——“Gone,
“child!”——“Yes, she is gone off with two gentle-
“men in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her,
“and said he would die for her; and she cried very
“much, and was for coming back: but he persuad-
“ed her again, and she went into the chaise; and
“said, O what will my poor Papa do, when he
“knows I am undone!”——“Now then,” cried
“I, “my children, go and be miserable; for we
“shall never enjoy one hour more. And O may
“Heaven’s everlasting fury light upon him and his,
“——thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will,
“for taking back my sweet innocent, that I was
“leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child
“was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is

“ now over. Go, my children, go and be miserable
 “ and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!”
 “ ——— Father,” cried my son, “ is this your for-
 “ titude?” “ Fortitude, child! Yes, he shall see I have
 “ fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I’ll pursue the trai-
 “ tor. While he is on earth I’ll pursue him. Old
 “ as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet.
 “ The villain! the perfidious villain!” ———

I had by this time reached down my pistols, when
 my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as
 mine, caught me in her arms. “ My dearest, dearest
 “ husband,” cried she, “ the Bible is the only wea-
 “ pon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that,
 “ my love, and read our anguish into patience; for
 “ she has vilely deceived”——Her sorrow repressed
 the rest in silence.——“ Indeed, Sir,” resumed my
 “ son, after a pause, “ your rage is too violent and
 “ unbecoming. You should be my mother’s com-
 “ forter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you
 “ and your reverend character, thus to curse your
 “ greatest enemy: you should not have cursed the
 “ wretch, villain as he is.”——“ I did not curse him,
 “ child did I?”——“ Indeed, Sir, you did; you curs-
 “ ed him twice.”——“ Then may Heaven forgive
 “ me and him, if I did. And now, my son, I see
 “ it was more than human benevolence that first
 “ taught us to bless our enemies! Blessed be his holy
 “ name for all the good he has given, and for that
 “ he has taken away. But it is not, it is not a small
 “ distress that can wring tears from these old eyes,
 “ that have not wept for so many years. My child!
 “ —To undo my darling! May confusion seize—
 “ Heaven forgive me, what am I about to say!—
 “ You may remember, my love, how good she was,
 “ and how charming; till this vile moment, all her
 “ care was, to make us happy. Had she but died!
 “ —But she is gone, the honour of our family con-
 “ taminated; and I must look out for happiness in
 “ other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw

“ them go off : perhaps he forced her way : if he
“ forced her, she may yet be innocent.”—“ Ah, no,
Sir,” cried the child ; “ he only kissed her, and called
“ her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned
“ upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.”——
“ She’s an ungrateful creature,” cried my wife, who
could scarce speak for weeping, “ to use us thus. She
“ never had the least constraint put upon her affec-
“ tions. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her
“ parents without any provocation, thus to bring
“ your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly
“ follow.”

In this manner that night, the first of our real mis-
fortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint,
and ill-supported fallies of enthusiasm. I determin-
ed, however, to find out our betrayer wherever he
was and reproach his baseness. The next morning,
we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she
used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife,
as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches.
“ Never,” cried she, “ shall that vilest stain of our
“ family again darken those harmless doors. I will
“ never call her daughter more. No ; let the strum-
“ pet live with her vile seducer : she may bring us
“ to shame ; but she shall never more deceive us.”
“ “ Wife,” said I, “ do not talk thus hardly ; my
“ detestation of her guilt is as great as yours ; but
“ ever shall this house, and this heart, be open to a
“ poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she
“ returns from her transgression, the more welcome
“ shall she be to me. For the first time, the very best
“ may err ; art may persuade, and novelty spread
“ out its charm. The first fault is the child of sim-
“ plicity ; but every other, the offspring of guilt.
“ Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcomed to
“ this heart, and this house, though stained with ten
“ thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music
“ of her voice ; again will I hang fondly on her bo-
“ som, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring
“ hither my Bible and my staff : I will pursue her,

“ wherever she is ; and, though I cannot save her
“ from shame, I may prevent the continuance of
“ iniquity.”

CHAP. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill-castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter : but, before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said, he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young Squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately : he soon appeared, with the most open, familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting, upon his honour, that he was a quite a stranger to it. I now, therefore, condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who, I recollected, had, of late, several private conferences with her : but the appearance of another witness left me no

room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Hearing this, I resolved to pursue them there. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way ; but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the Squire's and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them ; for he had seen them dance there the night before ; and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day, I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course.

The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure ; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue ! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me ; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected, that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home : however, I retired to a little ale-house by the road-side ; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down, patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks : but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance

alone, might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's church-yard, who has written so many little books for children : he called himself their friend ; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone ; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance ; and was, at that time, actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face ; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journies of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored ; and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them ; as, in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new prospect of hidden disappointment ; so, in our descent to the vale of wretchedness, which, from the summits of pleasure, appears dark and gloomy, the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds something to flatter and surprize it. Still as we descend, the objects appear to brighten ; unexpected prospects amuse, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forwards, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like the waggon, which I was resolved to overtake ; but, when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes, and other theatrical furniture, to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended

only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. Good company upon the road, says the proverb, is always the shortest cut. I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player ; and, as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom ; but, as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded, who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day ?——I fancy, Sir,” cried the player, “ few of “ our modern dramatists would think themselves “ much honoured by being compared to the writers “ you mention. Dryden’s and Rowe’s manner, Sir, “ are quite out of fashion ; our taste has gone back a whole century : Fletcher, Ben Johnson, and all the “ plays of Shakespear, are the only things that go “ down.”——“ How,” cried I, is it possible that “ the present age can be pleased with that anti- “ quated dialect, that obsolete humour, those over “ charged characters which abound in the works you “ mention ?”——“ Sir,” returned my companion, “ the public think nothing about dialect, or humour “ or character ; for that is none of their business ; “ they only go to be amused, and find themselves “ happy, when they can enjoy a pantomime, under “ the sanction of Johnson’s or Shakespear’s name.”——“ So then, I suppose,” cried I, “ that our modern “ dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespear, than “ of nature.”——“ To say the truth,” returned my companion, “ I don’t know that they imitate any “ thing at all ; nor, indeed, does the public require it “ of them : it is not the composition of the piece, “ but the number of starts and attitudes that may be “ introduced into it, that elicits applause. I have “ known a piece, with not one jest in the whole, “ shrugged into popularity ; and another saved by “ the poet’s throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, “ Sir ; the works of Congreve and Farquhar

“ have too much wit in them for the present taste ;
“ our modern dialect is much more natural.”

By this time, the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village ; which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us : for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gathered about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered ; and, being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well dressed gentleman, who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company ; or, whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play ? Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and seeming interest. I set him down, in my own mind, for nothing less than a parliament-man at least ; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon my asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house ; with which request, after some entreaties, I was prevailed on to comply.

CHAP. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that, as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot; and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in the country. The apartment into which we were shown, was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned; an elegant supper was soon brought in; two or three ladies, in an easy dishabille, were introduced; and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me, if I had seen the last Monitor? to which, replying in the negative, "What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he. "Neither, Sir," returned I. "That's strange, very strange," replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Leger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the White-hall Evening, the seventeen magazines, and the two reviews; and, though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; and, by all my coal-mines in Corn-

WAKEFIELD

“ wall, I reverence its guardians. ” “ Then it is
“ to be hoped, ” cried I, “ you reverence the king ? ”
“ Yes, (returned my entertainer,) when he does
“ what we would have him ; but, if he goes on as
“ he has done of late, I’ll never trouble myself more
“ with his matters. I say nothing ; I think only I
“ could have directed some things better. I don’t
“ think there has been a sufficient number of ad-
“ visers ; he should advise with every person will-
“ ing to give him advice, and then we should have
“ things done in another manner.

“ I wish, (cried I,) that such intruding advisers
“ were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty
“ of honest men to assist the weaker side of our con-
“ stitution, that sacred power that has for some years
“ been every day declining, and losing its due share
“ of influence in the state. But these ignorants still
“ continue the cry of liberty, and, if they have any
“ weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale. ”
“ “ How, (cried one of the Ladies,) do I live to
“ see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to
“ liberty and a defender of tyrants ? Liberty,
“ that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege
“ of Britons ! ”

“ Can it be possible, (cried our entertainer,) that
“ there should be any, found at present, advocates
“ for slavery ? Any who are for meanly giving up
“ the privileges of Britons ? Can any, Sir, be so ab-
“ ject ? ”

“ “ No, Sir,” replied I, “ I am for liberty, that at-
“ tribute of gods ! Glorious liberty ! that theme of
“ modern declamation. I would have all men kings :
“ I would be a king myself. We have all naturally
“ an equal right to the throne : we were all originally
“ equal. This is my opinion, and was once the
“ opinion of a set of honest men who were called
“ Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a
“ community, where all should be equally free. But
“ alas ! it would never answer ; for there were some

“ among them stronger, and some more cunning
“ than others, and these became masters of the rest :
“ for, as sure as your groom rides your horses, be-
“ cause he is a cunninger animal than they, so sure-
“ ly will the animal that is cunninger, or stronger
“ than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since,
“ then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit ; and
“ some are born to command, and others to obey ;
“ the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether
“ it is better to have them in the same house with us,
“ or in the same village, or, still farther off, in the
“ metropolis ? Now, Sir, for my own part, as I natur-
“ ally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is
“ removed from me, the better pleased am I. The
“ generality of mankind also are of my way of think-
“ ing ; and have unanimously created one king,
“ whose election at once diminishes the number of
“ tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance
“ from the greatest number of people. Now, those
“ who were tyrants themselves before the election
“ of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power rais-
“ ed over them, and whose weight must ever lean
“ heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest
“ of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power
“ as much as possible ; because, whatever they take
“ from it, is naturally restored to themselves ; and all
“ they have to do in a state, is to underminethe single
“ tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authori-
“ ty. Now, a state may be so constitutionally circum-
“ stanced, its laws may be so disposed, and its men
“ of opulence so minded, as all to conspire to carry
“ on this business of undermining monarchy. If
“ the circumstances of the state be such, for in-
“ stance, as to favour the accumulation of wealth,
“ and make the opulent still more rich, this will
“ increase their strength and their ambition. But
“ an accumulation of wealth must necessarily be the
“ consequence in a state, when more riches flow
“ in from external commerce than arise from in-

“ ternal industry : for, external commerce can only
“ be managed to advantage by the rich ; and they
“ have also, at the same time, all the emoluments
“ arising from internal industry : so that the rich,
“ in such a state, have two sources of wealth ;
“ whereas the poor have but one. Thus, wealth, in
“ all commercial states, is found to accumulate ;
“ and such have hitherto, in time, become aristo-
“ cratical. Besides this, the very laws of a coun-
“ try may contribute to the accumulation of wealth ;
“ as, when those natural ties that bind the rich and
“ poor together, are broken, and it is ordained,
“ that the rich shall only marry among each other ;
“ or, when the learned are held unqualified to serve
“ their country as counsellors, merely from a de-
“ fect of opulence ; and wealth is thus made the
“ object of a wise man’s ambition : by these means,
“ I say, and such means as these, riches will ac-
“ cumulate. The possessors of accumulated wealth,
“ when furnished with the necessaries and plea-
“ sures of life, can employ the superfluities of for-
“ tune only in purchasing power ; that is, differ-
“ rently speaking, in making dependents, in pur-
“ chasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of
“ men who are willing to bear the mortification
“ of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each
“ very opulent man generally gathers round him
“ a circle of the poorest of the people ; and the
“ polity abounding in accumulated wealth, may
“ be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with
“ a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are
“ willing to move in a great man’s vortex, are on-
“ ly such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind,
“ whose souls, and whose education, are adapted to
“ servitude, and who know nothing of liberty, ex-
“ cept the name. But there must still be a large
“ number of the people without the sphere of the
“ opulent man’s influence, namely, that order of
“ men which subsists between the very rich and the
“ very rabble ; those men who are possessed of too

“ large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man
“ in power, and yet are too poor to set up for
“ tyranny themselves. In this middle order of
“ mankind, are generally to be found, all the arts,
“ wisdom, and virtues of society. This order a-
“ lone is known to be the true preserver of free-
“ dom, and may be called the People. Now, it
“ may happen, that this middle people of mankind
“ may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice
“ be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble:
“ for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a per-
“ son at present to give his voice in state affairs,
“ be ten times less than was judged sufficient u-
“ pon forming the constitution, it is evident, that
“ greater numbers of the rabble will thus be intro-
“ duced into the political system; and they, ever
“ moving in the vortex of the great, will follow
“ where greatness shall direct. In such a state,
“ therefore, all that the middle order has left, is
“ to preserve the prerogatives and privileges of the
“ one principal tyrant, with the most sacred cir-
“ cumpection: for he divides the power of the
“ rich, and calls off the great from falling with
“ tenfold weight on the middle order placed be-
“ neath them. The middle order may be compa-
“ red to a town, of which the opulent are forming
“ the siege, and which the tyrant is hastening to
“ relieve. While the besiegers are in dread of the
“ external enemy, it is but natural to offer the
“ townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter
“ them with sounds, and amuse them with privi-
“ leges: but if they once defeat the tyrant, the
“ walls of the town will be but a small defence
“ to its inhabitants. What they may then expect,
“ may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland,
“ Genoa, or Venice; where the laws govern the
“ poor, and the rich govern the laws. I am then
“ for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred mon-
“ archy; for, if there be any thing sacred amongst

“ men it must be the anointed sovereign of his peo-
 “ ple ; and every diminution of his power, in war,
 “ or in peace, is an infringement upon the real
 “ liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty,
 “ patriotism, and Britons, have already done *much* :
 “ it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom
 “ will prevent their ever doing more. I have known
 “ many of those bold champions for liberty in my
 “ time, yet do I not remember one that was not in
 “ his heart and in his family a tyrant.”

My warmth I found, had lengthened this ha-
 rangue beyond the rules of good-breeding : but the
 impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to
 interrupt it, could be restrained no longer.——

“ What !” cried he, “ then I have been all this
 “ while entertaining a Jesuit in parson’s clothes ;
 “ but, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he
 “ shall pack, if my name be Wilkinfon.” I now
 found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the
 warmth with which I had spoken. “ Pardon !”
 returned he, in a fury, “ I think such principles
 “ demand ten thousand pardons. What ! give up
 “ liberty, property, and as the gazetteer says, ly
 “ down to be saddled with wooden shoes ! Sir,
 “ I insist upon your marching out of this house im-
 “ mediately, to prevent worse consequences ; Sir,
 “ I insist upon it.” I was going to repeat my re-
 monstrances ; but just then we heard a footman’s
 rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, “ As
 “ sure as death, there is our master and mistress
 “ come home.” It seems my entertainer was all
 this while only the butler, who in his master’s ab-
 sence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a
 while the gentleman himself ; and to say the truth,
 he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen
 do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion,
 upon seeing the gentleman with his lady enter ; nor
 was their surprise at finding such company and good
 cheer less than ours. “ Gentlemen,” cried the

real master of the house to me and my companion, “ I am your most humble servant ; but I protest this “ is so unexpected a favour, that I almost sink under “ the obligation.” However unexpected our company might be to him, his, I am sure, was still more so to us ; and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room, but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George, but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy.— “ My dear Sir,” cried she, “ to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit ? I am “ sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures, when “ they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for “ their guest.” Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling, upon being informed of the nature of my present visit : but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days ; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber ; and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George.— “ Alas ! Madam,” cried I “ he has now been “ near three years absent, without ever writing to “ his friends or me. Where he is, I know not ;

“ perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more.
“ No, my dear Madam, we shall never more see
“ such pleasing hours as were once spent by our
“ fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now
“ dispersing very fast ; and poverty has brought not
“ only want, but infamy among us.” The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account ; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find, that time had made no alteration in her affections ; and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. — She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening ; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage before. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day : “ But
“ this gentleman,” continued he, “ seems born to
“ tread the stage. His voice, his figure his attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down.” This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity ; and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company, with which I went, was incontestibly the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front-seat of the theatre ; where we sat for some time, with no small impatience, to

see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin, when turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived us, and stood as one speechless and immovable.—The actors, behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage.—I don't know what were the sensations I felt? for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale, and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed, that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals, she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisting beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any attention to the answers.

CHAP. XX.

*The history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty,
but losing content.*

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline ; but, upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon the earth that he could boast of. " Why, ay, my son," cried I, " you left me but " poor, and poor I find you are come back ; and yet " I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the " world." " Yes, Sir," replied my son ; " but " travelling after Fortune is not the way to secure " her ; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the " pursuit." " I fancy, Sir," cried Mrs. Arnold, " that the account of your adventures would be a- " musing : the first part of them I have often heard " from my niece ; but, could the company prevail " for the rest, it would be an additional obligation." — " Madam," replied my son, I promise you, the " pleasure you have in hearing, will not be half so " great as my vanity in reciting them ; and yet, in " the whole narrative, I can scarce promise you one " adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw, " than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, " which you all know, was great : but though it

“ distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever
“ had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind
“ I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected
“ from her at another ; and, being now at the bot-
“ tom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift,
“ but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore,
“ towards London, in a fine morning, no way un-
“ easy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds
“ that carrol’d by the road ; and comforted myself
“ with reflecting, that London was the true mart,
“ where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting
“ distinction and reward.

“ Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first care was,
“ to deliver your letter of recommendation to our
“ cousin, who was himself in little better circum-
“ stances than I. My first scheme, you know, Sir,
“ was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his ad-
“ vice in the affair. Our cousin received the pro-
“ posal with a true Sardonic grin. Ay,” cried he,
“ this is, indeed, a very pretty career that has been
“ chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a
“ boarding-school myself ; and may I die by an ano-
“ dyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turn-
“ key in Newgate. I was up early and late : I was
“ brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face
“ by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and
“ never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad.
“ But are you sure you are fit for a school ? Let me
“ examine you a little. Have you been bred appren-
“ tice to the business ? No. Then you won’t do for
“ a school. Can you dress the boys’ hair ? No. Then
“ you won’t do for a school. Have you had the
“ small-pox ? No. Then you won’t do for a school.
“ Can you ly three in a bed ? No. Then you will
“ never do for a school. Have you got a good stom-
“ ach ? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a
“ school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel, easy
“ profession, bind yourself seven years as an appren-
“ tice to turn a cutler’s wheel ; but avoid a school by

“ any means. Yet come, (continued he), I see you
“ are a lad of spirit, and some learning : what do
“ you think of commencing author, like me ? You
“ have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius
“ starving at the trade : at present, I’ll show you forty
“ very dull fellows about town that live by it in opu-
“ lence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smooth-
“ ly and dully, and write history and politics, and
“ are praised ; men, Sir, who, had they been bred
“ cobblers, would all their lives have only mended
“ shoes but never made them.”

“ Finding that there was no great degree of gen-
“ tility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolv-
“ ed to accept his proposal ; and, having the highest
“ respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of
“ Grubstreet with reverence. I thought it my glory
“ to pursue a tract which Dryden and Otway trod
“ before me. I considered the goddess of this region
“ as the parent of excellence ; and however an in-
“ tercourse with the world may give us good sense,
“ the poverty she granted I supposed to be the nurse
“ of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down,
“ and finding that the best things remained to be
“ said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book
“ that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up
“ three paradoxes with some ingenuity : They were
“ false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of
“ truth have been so often imported by others, that
“ nothing was left for me to import, but some splen-
“ did things that, at a distance, looked every bit as
“ well. Witness, ye Powers, what fancied impor-
“ tance sat perched upon my quill while I was writ-
“ ing. The whole learned world, I made no doubt,
“ would rise to oppose my systems ; but then I was
“ prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like
“ the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill
“ pointed against every opposer.”

“ Well said, my boy,” cried I ; “ and what sub-
“ ject did you treat upon ? I hope you did not pass

“ over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupted ; go on : you published your paradoxes ; well and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes ? ”

“ Sir,” replied my son, “ the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes ; nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies ; and unfortunately as I had neither, I suffered the cruelest mortification, neglect.”

“ As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money ; and that confession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, I see, (cried he), you are unacquainted with the town ; I’ll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals ; upon these very proposals I have subsisted for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a Dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time. I renew my request to beg a dedication-fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, (continued he), I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known ; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit : a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy ; my face is familiar to his por-

“ter, but if you bring this copy of verses, my life
“for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.”

“Bless us, George,” cried, I “and is this the
“employment of poets now! Do men of their ex-
“alted talents thus stoop to beggary! Can they so
“far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traf-
“fic of praise for bread?”

“O no, Sir,” returned he; “a true poet can
“never be so base; for, wherever there is genius,
“there is pride. The creatures I now describe, are
“only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he
“braves every hardship for fame, so he is equally
“a coward to contempt; and none but those who
“are unworthy protection, condescend to solicit
“it.

“Having a mind too proud to stoop to such in-
“dignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard
“a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to
“take a middle course, and write for bread. But
“I was unqualified for a profession where mere in-
“dustry alone was to ensure success. I could not
“suppress my lurking passion for applause; but u-
“sually consumed that time in efforts after excel-
“lence, which takes up but little room, when it should
“have been more advantageously employed in the
“diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My
“little piece would therefore come forth, in the
“midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and un-
“known. The public were more importantly
“employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of
“my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet
“after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays
“were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern
“tales, and cures for the bite of a mad-dog: while
“Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philan-
“thropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster
“than I.

“Now, therefore, I began to associate with none

“ but disappointed authors like myself, who praised
“ deplored, and despised each other. The satisfac-
“ tion we found in every celebrated writer’s attempt
“ was inversely at their merits. I found that no
“ genius in another could please me. My unfortu-
“ nate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of
“ comfort. I could neither read nor write with satis-
“ faction ; for excellence in another was my aversion,
“ and writing was my trade.

“ In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I
“ was one day sitting on a bench in St. James’s
“ Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had
“ been my intimate acquaintance at the university,
“ approached me. We saluted each other with some
“ hesitation ; he almost ashamed of being known to
“ one who made so shabby an appearance, and I was
“ afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon va-
“ nished ; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a
“ very good-natured fellow.”

“ What did you say, George ?” interrupted I, Thorn-
“ hill, was not that his name ? It can certainly be no
“ other than my landlord.” “ Bless me,” cried
“ Mrs. Arnold, “ is Mr. Thornhill so near a neigh-
“ bour of yours ! He has long been a friend in our
“ family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.”

“ My friend’s first care,” continued my son, was,
“ to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his
“ own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table,
“ upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My
“ business was to attend him at auctions, to put him
“ in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the
“ left hand in his chariot when not filled by another,
“ and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was,
“ when we had a mind for a frolic. Besides these
“ I had twenty other little employments in the fami-
“ ly. I was to do many small things without bid-
“ ding ; to carry the cork-screw ; to stand godfather
“ to all the butler’s children ; to sing when I was bid,
“ to be never out of humour ; always to be humble,
“ and, if I could, to be very happy.

“ In this honourable post, however, I was not
“ without a rival. A captain of marines, who was
“ formed for the place by nature, opposed me in
“ my patron’s affections. His mother had been
“ laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early
“ acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As
“ this gentleman made it the study of his life to be
“ acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed
“ from several for his stupidity, yet he found many
“ of them, who were as dull as himself, that per-
“ mitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade,
“ he practised it with the easiest address imagina-
“ ble; but it came awkward and stiff from me :
“ and as, every day, my patron’s desire of flattery
“ increased, so, every hour, being better acquainted
“ with his defects, I became more unwilling to
“ give it. Thus, I was once more fairly going to
“ give up the field to the Captain, when my friend
“ found occasion for my assistance. This was no-
“ thing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gen-
“ tleman whose sister it was pretended he had used
“ ill. I readily complied with his request; and,
“ though I see you are displeased at my conduct,
“ yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friend-
“ ship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair,
“ disarmed my antagonist, and, soon after, had the
“ pleasure of finding, that the lady was only a wo-
“ man of the town, and the fellow her bully and a
“ sharper. This piece of service was repaid with
“ the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my
“ friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew
“ no other method of serving me, but by recom-
“ mending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill,
“ and another nobleman of great distinction, who
“ enjoyed a post under the government. When
“ he was gone, my first care was, to carry his re-
“ commendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose
“ character for every virtue was universal, yet just.
“ I was received by his servants with the most hos-

“ pitable smiles ; for the looks of the domestics ever
“ transmit their master’s benevolence. Being shown
“ into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon
“ came to me, I delivered my message and letter,
“ which he read ; and after pausing some minutes,
“ Pray, Sir, (cried he,) inform me what you have
“ done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm re-
“ commendation ? But I suppose, Sir, I guess
“ your merits, you have fought for him ; and so
“ you would expect a reward from me, for being
“ the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish,
“ that my present refusal may be some punishment
“ for your guilt ; but still more, that it may be
“ some inducement to your repentance. The se-
“ verity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I
“ knew it was just. My whole expectations now,
“ therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As
“ the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with
“ beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I
“ found it no easy matter to gain admittance.—
“ However, after bribing the servants with half my
“ worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spa-
“ cious apartment, my letter being previously sent
“ up for his Lordship’s inspection. During this
“ anxious interval, I had full time to look round
“ me. Every thing was grand, and of happy con-
“ trivance ; the paintings, the furniture, the gild-
“ ings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of
“ the owner. Ah ! thought I to myself, how ve-
“ ry great must the possessor of all these things be,
“ who carries in his head the business of the state,
“ and whose house displays half the wealth of the
“ kingdom ; sure his genius must be unfathomable !
“ During these awful reflections, I heard a step
“ come heavily forward. Ah ! this is the great man
“ himself ! No, it was only a chambermaid. Ano-
“ ther foot was heard soon after. This must be he !
“ No, it was only the great man’s valet-de-chambre.

“ At last his Lordship actually made his appearance.
“ Are you, cried he, the bearer of this here letter?
“ I answered with a bow. I learn by this, con-
“ tinued he, as how that——But just at this in-
“ stant a servant delivered him a card, and without
“ taking farther notice, he went out of the room,
“ and left me to digest my own happiness at lei-
“ sure. I saw no more of him, till told by a foot-
“ man that his Lordship was going to his coach at
“ the door. Down I immediately followed, and
“ joined my voice to that of three or four more, who
“ came, like me, to petition for favours. His Lord-
“ ship, however, went too fast for us, and was
“ gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when
“ I hallooed out, to know if I was to have any re-
“ ply. He was by this time got in, and mutter-
“ ed an answer, half of which only I heard, the o-
“ ther half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-
“ wheels. I stood for some time with my neck
“ stretched out, in the posture of one that was
“ listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking
“ round me, I found myself alone at his Lordship’s
“ gate.”

“ My patience (continued my son,) was now quite
“ exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities
“ I had met with, I was willing to cast myself a-
“ way, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I
“ regarded myself as one of those vile things that
“ Nature designed should be thrown by into her lum-
“ ber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still,
“ however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought
“ Fortune herself should not deprive me: but, in or-
“ der to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instant-
“ ly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to
“ occurrences for the rest. As I was going along
“ with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe’s
“ office seemed invitingly open, to give me a wel-
“ come reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly

“ offers all his majesty’s subjects a generous pro-
“ mise of thirty pounds a year ; for which promise,
“ all they give in return is their liberty for life, and
“ their permission to let him transport them to A-
“ merica as slaves. I was happy at finding a place
“ where I could lose my fears in desperation, and
“ entered this cell (for it had the appearance of one)
“ with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a
“ number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like
“ myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, pre-
“ senting a true epitome of English impatience——
“ Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune,
“ wreaked her injuries on their own hearts : but
“ Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our mur-
“ murs were hushed. He deigned to regard me
“ with an air of peculiar approbation ; and, indeed,
“ he was the first man, who, for a month past, talk-
“ ed to me with smiles. After a few questions,
“ he found I was fit for every thing in the world.
“ He paused a while upon the properest means of
“ providing for me ; and, flapping his forehead as
“ if he had found it, assured me, that there was, at that
“ time an embassy talked of, from the synod of Pensyl-
“ vania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would
“ use his interest to get me made secretary. I
“ knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and
“ yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was some-
“ thing so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, there-
“ fore, divided my half guinea, one half of which
“ went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds ;
“ and with the other half I resolved to go to the next
“ tavern, to be there more happy than he. ”

“ As I was going out with that resolution, I was
“ met at the door by the captain of a ship, with
“ whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and
“ he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch.
“ As I never chose to make a secret of my circum-
“ stances, he assured me, I was upon the very point
“ of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper’s promises ;

“ for that he only designed to sell me to the plan-
“ tations. But, continued he, I fancy you might,
“ by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into
“ a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My
“ ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam : What if you
“ go in her as a passenger ? The moment you land,
“ all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen Eng-
“ lish, and I’ll warrant you’ll get pupils and money
“ enough. I suppose you understand English, added
“ he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I confident-
“ ly assured him of that ; but expressed a doubt
“ whether the Dutch would be willing to learn Eng-
“ lish. He affirmed with an oath, that they were
“ fond of it to distraction ; and, upon that affirma-
“ tion, I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the
“ next day, to teach the Dutch English in Holland.
“ The wind was fair, our voyage short, and, after
“ having paid my passage with half my moveables, I
“ found myself fallen as from the skies, a stranger in
“ one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this
“ situation, I was unwilling to let any time pass un-
“ employed in teaching ; I addressed myself, there-
“ fore, to two or three of those I met, whose appear-
“ ance seemed most promising ; but it was impos-
“ sible to make ourselves mutually understood. It
“ was not till this very moment I recollected, that in
“ order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary
“ that they should first teach me Dutch. How I
“ came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me
“ amazing ; but certain it is I overlooked it.

“ This scheme, thus blown up, I had some thoughts
“ of fairly shipping back to England again ; but,
“ happening into company with an Irish student, who
“ was returning from Louvain, our conversation
“ turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way it
“ may be observed, I always forgot the meanness of
“ my circumstances when I could converse upon
“ such subjects,) from him I learned, that there were
“ not two men in his whole university who under-

“ stood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly re-
“ solved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teach-
“ ing Greek ; and in this design I was heartened by
“ my brother student, who threw out some hints
“ that a fortune might be got by it.

“ I set boldly forward the next morning. Every
“ day lessened the burden of my moveables, like
“ Æsop and his basket of bread ; for I paid them for
“ my lodgings, to the Dutch, as I travelled on. When
“ I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneak-
“ ing to the lower professors, but openly tendered my
“ talents to the principal himself. I went, had ad-
“ mittance, and offered him my service as a master
“ of the Greek language, which I had been told was
“ a desideratum in his university. The principal
“ seemed, at first, to doubt of my abilities ; but of
“ these I offered to convince him, by turning a part
“ of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin.
“ Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he
“ addressed me thus : “ You see me, young man,
“ continued he, I never learned Greek, and I don’t
“ find that I ever missed it. I have had a doctor’s
“ cap and gown without Greek ; I have ten thousand
“ florins a-year without Greek ; I eat heartily with-
“ out Greek : and, in short, continued he, as I don’t
“ know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in
“ it.”

“ I was now too far from home to think of return-
“ ing ; so I resolved to go forward. I had some
“ knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and
“ now turned what was once my amusement into a
“ present means of subsistence. I passed among the
“ harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of
“ the French as were poor enough to be very merry ;
“ for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to
“ their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant’s
“ house towards night-fall, I played one of my most
“ merry tunes, and that procured me not only a
“ lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once

“ or twice attempted to play for people of fashion ;
“ but they always thought my performance odious,
“ and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This
“ was to me the most extraordinary, as, whenever I
“ used, in better days, to play for company, when
“ playing was my amusement, my music never failed
“ to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especi-
“ ally ; but, as it was now my only means, it was re-
“ ceived with contempt : a proof how ready the
“ world is to under-rate those talents by which a man
“ is supported.

“ In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no de-
“ sign but just to look about me, and then to go for-
“ ward. The people of Paris are much fonder of
“ strangers that have money, than of those that have
“ wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was
“ no great favourite. After walking about the town
“ four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best
“ houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal
“ hospitality, when, passing through one of the prin-
“ cipal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin,
“ to whom you first recommended me. This meet-
“ ing was very agreeable to me, and, I believe, not
“ displeasing to him. He enquired into the nature
“ of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his
“ own business there, which was to collect pictures,
“ medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a
“ gentleman of London who had just stepped into taste
“ and a large fortune. I was the more surprized at
“ seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he
“ himself had often assured me, he knew nothing of
“ the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught
“ the art of a connoiscento so very suddenly, he assur-
“ ed me that nothing was more easy. The whole
“ secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules :
“ the one always to observe, that the picture might
“ have been better, if the painter had taken more
“ pains ; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro
“ Perugino. But, says he, as I once taught you how

“ to be an author in London, I’ll now undertake to
“ instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris.

“ With this proposal I very readily closed, as it
“ was a living ; and now all my ambition was to live.
“ I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress
“ by his assistance, and, after some time, accompani-
“ ed him to auctions of pictures, where the English
“ gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not
“ a little surprized at his intimacy with people of the
“ best fashion, who referred themselves to his judg-
“ ment upon every picture or medal, as to an un-
“ erring standard of taste. He made very good use
“ of my assistance upon these occasions ; for, when
“ asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside,
“ and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return and assure
“ the company, that he could give no opinion upon an
“ affair of so much importance. Yet, there was some-
“ times an occasion for a more supported assurance. I
“ remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion
“ that the colouring of a picture was not mellow
“ enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown
“ varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it
“ over the piece with great composure before all the
“ company, and then ask, if he had not improved
“ the tints ?

“ When he had finished his commission in Paris,
“ he left me strongly recommended to several men
“ of distinction, as a person very proper for a travel-
“ ling tutor : and, after some time, I was employed
“ in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his
“ ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his
“ tour through Europe. I was to be the young
“ gentleman’s governor, but with a proviso, that he
“ should always be permitted to govern himself.
“ My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding,
“ in money concerns, much better than I. He was
“ heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand
“ pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies ;
“ and his guardians, to qualify him for the manage-

“ ment of it, had bound him apprentice to an attor-
“ ney.—Thus, avarice was his prevailing passion :
“ all his questions on the road, were, how money
“ might be saved ; which was the least expensive
“ course of travel ; whether any thing could be
“ bought that would turn to account, when disposed
“ of again in London. Such curiosities on the way
“ as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough
“ to look at ; but, if the sight of them was to be
“ paid for, he usually asserted, that he had been told
“ they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill,
“ that he would not observe how amazingly expen-
“ sive travelling was : and all this though he was
“ not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn,
“ as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping,
“ he enquired the expence of the passage by sea home
“ to England. This, he was informed, was but a
“ trifle, compared to his returning by land ; he was,
“ therefore, unable to withstand the temptation ; so
“ paying me the small part of my salary that was
“ due, he took leave, and embarked with only one
“ attendant for London.

“ I now, therefore, was left once more upon the
“ world at large ; but then it was a thing I was used
“ to. However, my skill in music could avail me
“ nothing, in a country where every peasant was a
“ better musician than I ; but, by this time, I had
“ acquired another talent, which answered my pur-
“ pose as well, and this was a skill in disputation.
“ In all the foreign universities and convents, there
“ are, upon certain days, philosophical theses main-
“ tained against every adventitious disputant ; for
“ which, if the champion opposes with any dexteri-
“ ty, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner,
“ and a bed for one night. In this manner, there-
“ fore, I fought my way towards England, walked
“ along from city to city, examined mankind more
“ nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides
“ of the picture. My remarks, however, are but

“ few. I found that monarchy was the best govern-
“ ment for the poor to live in, and commonwealths
“ for the rich. I found, that riches, in general were
“ in every country, another name for freedom ; and
“ that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not
“ to be desirous of subjecting the will of some indi-
“ viduals in society to his own.

“ Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my
“ respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volun-
“ teer, in the first expedition that was going for-
“ ward ; but, on my journey down, my resolutions
“ were changed, by meeting an old acquaintance,
“ who, I found, belonged to a company of comedi-
“ ans, that were going to make a Summer-campaign
“ in the country. The company seemed not much
“ to disapprove of me for an associate. They all,
“ however, apprized me of the importance of the
“ task at which I aimed : that the public was a
“ many-headed monster, and that only such as had
“ very good heads could please it : that acting was
“ not to be learned in a day ; and that, without
“ some traditional shrugs, which had been on the
“ stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years,
“ I could never pretend to please. The next diffi-
“ culty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every
“ character was in keeping. I was driven, for some
“ time, from one character to another, till at last
“ Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of
“ the present company has happily hindered me from
“ acting.”

CHAP. XXI.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

MY son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door made a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprize, and not displeasure. However, upon advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and, after a short time, his presence served only to increase the general good humour.

After tea, he called me aside, to enquire after my daughter; but, upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful he seemed greatly surprized adding, that he had been since frequently at my house in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked, if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son; and, upon my replying that I had not told

them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: "For, at best," cried he, "it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant who came to ask the Squire in, to stand up at country-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt; than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprized me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two. "As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, "I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay it at your pleasure." This was a fa-

your we wanted words to express our sense of : I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest, in the mean time, another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young foldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person amongst us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress (for Miss Wilmot actually loved him) he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing. "And now, my boy," cried I, "thou art going to fight for thy country ; remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue—Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland.—Go my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a foldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to heaven to spare and to forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired an horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with

the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, whom the host assured me was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as receive him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? To which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. "Mr. Symonds," cried she, "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth part left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all the day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop." I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which she received with a curtesy, and drinking towards my good health, "Sir," resumed she,— "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry; but one cannot help it, when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back; he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she

“ has got any money, by her over-civility. I am
 “ certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish
 “ she were put in mind of it.”——“ What signi-
 “ fies minding her ?” cried the host ; “ if she be
 “ slow she is sure.”——I dont know that,” replied
 the wife ; “ but I know that I am sure she has
 “ been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen
 “ the cross of her money.”——“ I suppose, my
 “ dear,” cried he, we shall have it all in a lump.”——
 “ In a lump !” cried the other, “ I hope we may get
 “ it any way ; and that I am resolved we will this
 “ very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage.”
 “ Consider, my dear,” cried the husband, “ she is
 “ a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect.”——
 “ As for the matter of that,” returned the hostess,
 “ gentle or simple out she shall pack with a fassara-
 “ ra. Gentry may be good things where they
 “ take ; but, for my part I never saw much good
 “ of them at the sign of the Harrow.”

Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs,
 that went from the kitchen to a room over-head ;
 and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice,
 and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no mo-
 ney was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her
 remonstrances very distinctly : “ Out I say ; pack
 “ out this moment ; tramp thou infamous strum-
 “ pet, or I’ll give thee a mark thou won’t be the
 “ better for this three months. What ! you trum-
 “ pery to come and take up an honest house, with-
 “ out cross or coin to bless yourself with ; come a-
 “ long, I say.”——“ O dear Madam,” cried the
 stranger, “ pity me ; pity a poor abandoned crea-
 “ ture for one night, and death will soon do the
 “ rest.”——I instantly knew the voice of my
 poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue,
 while the woman was dragging her along by the
 hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my
 arms——“ Welcome, any way welcome, my
 “ dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old

“ father’s bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee,
 “ there is yet one in the world that will never for-
 “ sake thee : though thou hadst ten thousand crimes
 “ to answer for, he will forget them all.”——“ O
 “ my own dear”—for minutes she could no more—
 “ my own dearest good Papa ! Could angels be kin-
 “ der ! How do I deserve so much ! The villain !
 “ I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to such
 “ goodness. You can’t forgive me : I know you
 “ cannot.”—— Yes, my child, from my heart
 “ I do forgive thee ! Only repent and we both shall
 “ yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days
 “ yet, My Olivia.”——“ Ah ! never, Sir, never.
 “ The rest of my wretched life must be infamy a-
 “ broad, and shame at home. But, alas ! Papa,
 “ you look much paler than you used to do ——
 “ Could such a thing as I, am give you so much un-
 “ easiness ? Sure you have too much wisdom to
 “ take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself.”——
 “ Our wisdom, young woman,” replied I——Ah !
 “ why so cold a name, Papa ?” cried she. This
 “ is the first time you ever called me by so cold a
 “ name.”——“ I ask pardon, my darling,” returned
 I ; “ but I was going to observe, that wisdom
 “ makes but a slow defence against trouble, though
 “ at last a sure one.”

The landlady now returned, to know if we did
 not choose a more genteel apartment ; to which as-
 senting, we were shown a room, where we could
 converse more freely. After we had talked our-
 selves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not
 avoid desiring some account of the gradations that
 led to her present wretched situation. “ That vil-
 “ lain, Sir,” said she, “ from the first day of our
 “ meeting, made me honourable, though private
 “ proposals.”

“ Villain, indeed !” cried I ; “ and yet, it in-
 “ some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr.
 “ Burchell’s good sense, and seeming honour, could

“ be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step
“ into a family to undo it.”

“ My dear Papa,” returned my daughter, you
“ labour under a strange mistake ; Mr. Burchell ne-
“ ver attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he
“ took every opportunity of privately admonishing
“ me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who,
“ I now find, was even worse than he represen-
“ ted him.”—“ Mr. Thornhill !” interrupted I ;
“ can it be ?” —“ Yes, Sir,” returned she ; “ it
“ was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employ-
“ ed the two ladies, as he called them, but who,
“ in fact, were abandoned women of the town,
“ without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to Lon-
“ don. Their artifices, you may remember, would
“ have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell’s
“ letter, who directed those reproaches at them,
“ which we all applied to ourselves. How he came
“ to have so much influence as to defeat their in-
“ tentions, still remains a secret to me ; but I am
“ convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest
“ friend.”

“ You amaze me, my dear,” cried I ; “ but now
“ I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill’s base-
“ ness were to well grounded : but he can triumph
“ in security ; for he is rich, and we are poor.—
“ But tell me, my child, sure it was no small tem-
“ tation that could thus obliterate all the impres-
“ sions of such an education, and so virtuous a dis-
“ position as thine.”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “ he owes all his
“ triumph to the desire I had of making him, and
“ not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of
“ our marriage, which was privately performed by a
“ Popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had
“ nothing to trust to but his honour.” “ What,”
“ interrupted I, “ and were you indeed married by
“ a priest, and in orders ?” Indeed, Sir, we were,”
“ replied she, “ though we were both sworn to con-

“ceal his name.”—Why, then, my child, come to
“my arms again; and now you are a thousand times
“more welcome than before; for you are now his
“wife, to all intents and purposes; nor can all the
“laws of man, though written upon tables of ada-
“mant, lessen the force of that sacred connec-
“tion.”

“Alas, Papa,” replied she, “you are but little ac-
“quainted with his villanies: he has been married
“already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives
“more, whom, like me, he has deceived and aban-
“doned.”

“Has he so?” cried I; “then we must hang the
“priest, and you shall inform against him to-mor-
“row.”—“But, Sir,”—returned she, “will that be
“right, when I am sworn to secrecy?”—“My dear,”
“I replied, “if you have made such a promise, I
“cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even
“though it may benefit the public, you must not in-
“form against him. In all human institutions, a
“smaller evil is allowed, to procure a greater good;
“as in politics, a province may be given away to
“secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be
“lopt off, to preserve the body. But, in religion, the
“law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And
“this law, my child, is right: for, otherwise, if we
“commit a smaller evil, to procure a greater good,
“certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation
“of contingent advantage. And though the advan-
“tage should certainly follow, yet, the interval be-
“tween commission and advantage, which is al-
“lowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are
“called away to answer for the things we have done,
“and the volume of human actions is closed for ever.
“But I interrupt you, my dear; go on.”

““The very next morning,” continued she, “I
“found what little expectations I was to have from
“his sincerity. That very morning, he intro-
“duced me to two unhappy women more, whom,

“ like me, he had deceived, but who lived in content-
“ ed prostitution. I loved him too tenderly, to bear
“ such rivals in his affections ; and strove to forget
“ my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this
“ view, I danced, dressed, and talked ; but still was
“ unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there, told
“ me, every moment, of the power of my charms ;
“ and this only contributed to increase my melan-
“ choly, as I had thrown all their power quite away.
“ Thus, each day I grew more pensive, and he more
“ insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance
“ to offer me to a young Baronet of his acquaintance.
“ Need I describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung me ?
“ My answer to this proposal, was almost madness.
“ I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me
“ a purse ; but I flung it at him with indignation,
“ and burst from him in a rage, that for a while kept
“ me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But
“ I soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, ab-
“ ject, guilty thing, without one thing in the world
“ to apply to.

“ Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to
“ pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be
“ driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and
“ detested. I was set down here, where, since my
“ arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman’s unkind-
“ nefs, have been my only companions. The hours
“ of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and
“ sister, now grow painful to me. Their sorrows
“ are much, but mine is greater than theirs ; for
“ mine is mixed with guilt and infamy.”

“ Have patience my child,” cried I, “ and I hope
“ things will yet be better. Take some repose to-
“ night, and to-morrow I’ll carry you home to your
“ mother, and the rest of the family, from whom you
“ will receive a kind reception. Poor woman ! this
“ has gone to her heart : but she loves you still, Oli-
“ via, and will forget it.”

THE VICAR OF

CHAP. XXII.

Offences are easily pardoned, where there is love at bottom.

THE next morning, I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us, than we to each other; and, that the misfortunes of Nature's making, were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections; and that, during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her, that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable; and that, if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode, was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and, as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her

provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side, with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest ; the lights were out in every cottage : no sounds were heard, but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode with pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door : all was still and silent : my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration ! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep ; and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter ; and all running out naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish : but it was only to objects of new terror ; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones ; but they were not to be seen. “ O misery ! “ where,” cried I, “ where are my little ones ? ”—

“ They are burnt to death in the flames,” says my wife calmly, “ and I will die with them.” That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. “ Where, where are my children ?” cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, “ where are my little ones ?”—“ Here, dear Papa, here we are,” they both cried together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. “ Now,” cried I, holding up my children, “ Now let the flames burn on, and “ all my possessions perish. Here they are ; I have “ saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are “ our treasures, and we shall yet be happy ” We kissed our little darlings a thousand times ; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames ; and, after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder, was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance : but all they could do, was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box, with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more, of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and

furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen-utensils ; so that, by day-light, we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place : having therefore, informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one ; and, though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation ; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. “ Ah, “ Madam,” cried her mother, “ this is but a poor “ place you are come to, after so much finery. My “ daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company “ only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, “ your poor father and I have suffered very much of “ late ; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.” During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep, or to reply ; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress : wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, “ I entreat, woman, that my words may “ be now marked once for all : I have here brought

“ you back a poor deluded wanderer : her return
 “ to duty, demands the revival of our tendernefs.
 “ The real hardships of life are now coming faft
 “ upon us , let us not therefore increafe them, by
 “ diffenfion among each other. If we live harmo-
 “ nioufly together, we may yet be contented, as there
 “ are enough of us to fhut out the cenfuring world,
 “ and keep each other in countenance. The kind-
 “ nefs of Heaven is promifed to the penitent ; and
 “ let ours be directed by the example. Heaven,
 “ we are affured, is much more pleafed to view a
 “ repentant finner, than ninety-nine perfons who
 “ have fupported a courfe of undeviating rectitude.
 “ And this is right ; for that fingle effort, by which
 “ we flop fhort in the down-hill path to perdition, is
 “ itfelf a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred
 “ acts of juftice.

CHAP. XXIII.

None but the guilty can be long completely miferable.

SOME affiduity was now required to make our
 prefent abode as convenient as poffible ; and
 we were foon again qualified to enjoy our former fe-
 renity. Being difabled myfelf from affifting my fon
 in our ufual occupations, I read to my family from
 the few books that were faved, and particularly
 from fuch, as, by amufing the imagination, con-
 tributed to eafe the heart. Our good neighbours,
 too, came every day with the kindeft condolence,
 and fixed a time in which they were all to affift at
 repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer
 Williams was not laft among thefe visitors ; but

heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner, as totally repressed his future sollicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing: and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister, brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, tho' cured, ever plants others where it has been, so, her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history, as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear, (I would say) is in the power of one who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married, very young, to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day careressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprize, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after: but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself, with great difficulty, escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the

“ country on that side, who immediately made her
“ their prisoner.

“ As the war was then carried on between the
“ French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity,
“ they were going at once to perpetrate those two ex-
“ tremes, suggested by appetite and cruelty. This
“ base resolution, however, was opposed by a young
“ officer, who, though their retreat required the ut-
“ most expedition, placed her behind him, and
“ brought her in safety to his native city. Her
“ beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon af-
“ ter his heart. They were married; he rose to
“ the highest posts; they lived long together, and
“ were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can ne-
“ ver be called permanent: after an interval of
“ several years the troops which he commanded ha-
“ ving met with a repulse, he was obliged to take
“ shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife.
“ Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length
“ was taken. Few histories can produce more va-
“ rious instances of cruelty than those which the
“ French and Italians, at that time, exercised upon
“ each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon
“ this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to
“ death, but particularly the husband of the unfor-
“ tunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental
“ in protracting the siege. Their determinations
“ were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolv-
“ ed upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and
“ the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while
“ the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal
“ blow, which was only suspended till the general,
“ who presided as judge, should give the signal. It
“ was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that
“ Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband
“ and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation,
“ and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from
“ perishing by a premature death in the river Volturno.

“ na, to be the spectator of still greater calamities
“ The general, who was a young man, was struck
“ with surprize at her beauty, and pity at her dis-
“ tress; but with still stronger emotions, when he
“ heard her mention her former dangers. He was
“ her son, the infant for whom she had encountered
“ so much danger. He acknowledged her at once
“ as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may
“ be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and
“ all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty,
“ could confer on each, were united.”

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter: but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company, she dreaded contempt; and in solitude, she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information, that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity, before me, to express his contempt, both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married he said, in a few days, having appeared together at

church, the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward ; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other ; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

“ Why, let him, if he can,” returned I : “ but, “ my son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering “ roof ; those mouldering walls, and humid floor ; “ my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my “ children weeping round me for bread : you have “ come home, my child, to all this : yet here, even “ here, you see a man that would not for a thousand “ worlds exchange situations. O my children, if you “ could but learn to commune with your own hearts, “ and know what noble company you can make them, “ you would little regard the elegance and splendors “ of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught “ to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. “ The similitude still may be improved, when we “ observe, that the good are joyful and serene, like “ travellers that are going towards home ; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are “ going into exile.”

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and, after a short time, she recovered. She appeared, from that time, more calm, and, I imagined, had gained a new degree of resolution : but appearances deceived

me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness amongst the rest of the family; nor was I displeased at seeing them, once more, sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus once more, the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAP. XXIV.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning, the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank: where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart, instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept and loved her daughter, as before. “Do, my pretty
“Olivia,” cried she, “let us have that melancholy

“ air your papa was so fond of ; your sister Sophy
“ has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please
“ your old father.” She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me :

“ When lovely woman stoops to folly,
“ And finds, too late, that men betray,
“ What charm can soothe her melancholy,
“ What art can wash her guilt away ?
“ The only art her guilt to cover,
“ To hide her shame from ev’ry eye,
“ To give repentance to her lover,
“ And wring his bosom—is to die.”

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice, from sorrow, gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill’s equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and, making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health, with his usual air of familiarity. “ Sir,” replied I, “ your present
“ assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of
“ your character ; and there was a time when I
“ would have chastised your insolence, for presum-
“ ing thus to appear before me. But now you are
“ safe ; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.”

“ I vow, my dear Sir,” returned he, “ I am amazed at all this ; nor can I understand what it means !
“ I hope you don’t think your daughter’s late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it !”

“ Go,” cried I, “ thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar ; but your mean-

“ nefs secures you from my anger !——Yes, Sir,
“ I am descended from a family that would not have
“ borne this ! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a
“ momentary passion, thou hast made one poor
“ creature wretched for life, and polluted a fa-
“ mily that had nothing but honour for their por-
“ tion.”

“ If she or you,” returned he, “ are resolved to
“ be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still
“ be happy ; and, whatever opinion you may have
“ formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to
“ contribute to it. We can marry her to another
“ in a short time ; and what is more, she may keep
“ her lover beside ; for I protest I shall ever conti-
“ nue to have a true regard for her.”

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degra-
ding proposal ; for, though the mind may often be
calm under great injuries, little villany can at any
time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.——

“ Avoid my sight, thou reptile,” cried I, nor conti-
“ nue to insult me with thy presence. Were my
“ brave son at home, he would not suffer this : but
“ I am old, and disabled, and every way undone.”

“ I find,” cried he, “ you are bent upon oblig-
“ ing me to talk in an harsher manner than I intend-
“ ed. But, as I have shown you what may be hoped
“ from my friendship, it may not be improper to re-
“ present what may be the consequences of my re-
“ sentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond
“ has been transferred, threatens hard, nor do I
“ know how to prevent the course of justice, except
“ by paying the money myself, which, as I have been
“ at some expences lately, previous to my intended
“ marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then
“ my steward talks of driving for the rent : it is cer-
“ tain he knows his duty ; for I never trouble my-
“ self with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could
“ wish to serve you, and even to have you and your

“ daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot ; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom, I hope, you will not refuse.”

“ Mr. Thornhill,” replied I, “ hear me once for all : As to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to ; and, though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irreparably, deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee, beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and, though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.”

“ If so,” returned he, “ depend upon it, you shall feel the effects of this insolence ; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me.”——Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But, as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence : he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort. Like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found, that he had not threatened in vain ; for, the very next morning, his steward came to demand my annual rent ; which by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to

pay. The consequence of my incapacity, was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day, for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply, upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure ; the terrors of a prison, in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health, from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

“ Why my treasures,” cried I, “ why will you
“ thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that
“ is not right ! My duty has taught me to forgive
“ him ; but my conscience will not permit me to
“ approve. Would you have me applaud to the
“ world, what my heart must internally condemn ?
“ Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter
“ our infamous betrayer, and, to avoid a prison,
“ continually suffer the more galling bonds of men-
“ tal confinement ? No, never. If we are to be ta-
“ ken from this abode, only let us hold to the right,
“ and, wherever we are thrown, we can still retire
“ to a charming apartment, when we can look
“ round our own hearts with intrepidity and with
“ pleasure !”

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us, that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in, and, approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their

prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county goal, which was eleven miles off.

“ My friends, (said I,) this is severe weather
 “ in which you have come to take me to a prison;
 “ and it is particularly unfortunate at this time,
 “ as one of my arms has lately been burnt in
 “ a terrible manner, and it has thrown me in-
 “ to a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover
 “ me, and I am now too weak and old to walk
 “ far in such deep snow: but if it must be
 “ so”——

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious: and desired my son to assist his elder sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time, my youngest daughter prepared for our departure; and, as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAP. XXV.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which

had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had an horse, kindly took her behind him; for, even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears, fell, not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and, swearing they would never see their minister go to goal, while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and, with some difficulty, rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures.— But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

What! my friends, (cried I,) and is this the
“ way you love me! Is this the manner you obey
“ the instructions I have given you from the pul-
“ pit! Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring
“ down ruin on yourselves and me! Which is
“ your ring-leader? show me the man that has se-
“ duced you: as sure as he lives, he shall feel my
“ resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return
“ back to the duty you owe to God, to your country,
“ and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you
“ in greater felicity here, and contribute to make
“ your lives more happy. But let it at least be my
“ comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that
“ not one here shall be wanting.”

They now seemed all repentance, and, melting into tears, came one after the other, to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing proceeded forward, without meeting any farther interruption. Some hours before night, we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the goal.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which formerly had been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected, upon my entrance, to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprised of the usual perquisite required upon those occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor; and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

“How!” cried I to myself, “shall men so very wicked be chearful, and shall I be melancholy! I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy.”

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting

therefore in a corner of the goal, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and, sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life, never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it : for if good, I might profit by his instructions ; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

“ That’s unfortunate,” cried he, “ as you are
 “ allowed here nothing but straw, and your apart-
 “ ment is very large and cold. However, you
 “ seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I
 “ have been one myself in my time, part of my
 “ bed-clothes are heartily at your service.”

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a goal, in misfortunes ; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, That
 “ the sage ancient seemed to understand the value
 “ of company in affliction, when he said, *Ton kos-*
 “ *mon aire, ei dos ton etairon* ; and in fact,” continued I, “ what is the world, if it affords only solitude ?”

“ You talk of the world, Sir,” returned my fellow prisoner ; “ the world is in its dotage, and
 “ yet the cosmogomy of the creation of the world,
 “ has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What
 “ a medley of opinions have they not broached upon
 “ the creation of the world ? Sanconiathon,
 “ Manetho, Berofus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have
 “ all attempted it in vain. The latter has these
 “ words : “ *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan,*
 “ which implies”——“ I ask pardon, Sir,” cried I, “ for interrupting so much learning ; but I think
 “ I have heard all this before. Have I not had the

“ pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge fair ?
“ and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson ?” At
this demand he only sighed. “ I suppose you
“ must recollect,” resumed I, “ one Doctor Prim-
“ rose, from whom you bought a horse ?”

He now at once recollected me ; for the gloom-
iness of the place, and the approaching night, had
prevented his distinguishing my features before.—
“ Yes, Sir,” returned Mr. Jenkinson, “ I remem-
“ ber you perfectly well : I bought an horse but
“ forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flambo-
“ rough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid
“ of at the next assizes : for he intends to swear po-
“ sitively against me as a coiner. I am heartily
“ sorry, Sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed,
“ any man ; for you see,” continued he, show-
ing his shackles, “ what my tricks have brought
“ me to.”

“ Well, Sir,” replied I, “ your kindness in of-
“ fering me assistance, when you could expect no
“ return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to
“ soften, or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough’s e-
“ vidence ; and I will send my son to him for that
“ purpose the first opportunity ; nor do I in the
“ least doubt but he will comply with my request ;
“ and as to my own evidence, you need be under
“ no uneasiness about that.”

“ Well, Sir,” cried he, “ all the return I can
“ make shall be yours. You shall have more than
“ half my bed-clothes to-night ; and I’ll take care
“ to stand your friend in the prison, where I think
“ I have some influence.”

I thanked him, and could not avoid being sur-
prized at the present youthful change in his aspect ;
for, at the time I had seen him before, he appeared
at least sixty.—“ Sir,” answered he, “ you are
“ little acquainted with the world : I had at that
“ time false hair, and have learned the art of coun-
“ terfeiting every age, from seventeen to seventy.

“ Ah, Sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in
“ learning a trade, that I have in learning to be
“ a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man
“ this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be
“ your friend, and that perhaps when you least ex-
“ pect it.”

We were now prevented from farther conversation, by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoner's names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed, attended, who led me along a dark, narrow passage, into a room paved like the common prison; and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bid me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAP. XXVI.

*A reformation in the gaol. To make laws complete,
they should reward, as well as punish.*

THE next morning early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy strength of every thing about us, it seems had daunted them. I gently re-

buked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity ; and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them.— They informed me, that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers ly in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to ly in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

“ Well,” cried I, “ my good boys, how do you like your bed ? I hope you are not afraid to ly in this room, dark as it appears ?”

“ No, Papa,” says Dick, “ I am not afraid to ly any where, where you are.”

“ And I,” says Bill, who was yet but four years old, “ love every place best that my Papa is in.”

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health ; my wife was to attend me ; my little boys were to read to me : “ And as for you, my son,” continued I, “ it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality to maintain us all and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength ; and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes ; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare, then, this even-

“ing, to look out for work against to-morrow, and
“bring home every night what money you earn
“for our support.”

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind.—It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore, once more to return, and in spite of their contempt, to give them an advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good-humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqu'd, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter.—However I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them, than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive

but their welfare could induce me to this ; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said ; to hear them so very profane ; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal : “ For be assured, my friends,” cried I, “ for you are my friends, however the world may “ disclaim your friendship, though you swore twelve “ thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one “ penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling “ every moment upon the devil, and courting his “ friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses “ you ? He has given you nothing here, you find, “ but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly ; and, “ by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you “ nothing that’s good hereafter.

“ If used ill in our dealings with one man, we na-
“ turally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your
“ while, then, just to try how you may like the usage
“ of another master, who gives you fair promises at
“ least, to come to him ? Surely, my friends, of all
“ stupidity in the world, his must be greatest, who,
“ after robbing an house, runs to the thief-takers for
“ protection. And yet, how are you more wise ?
“ You are all seeking comfort from one that has al-
“ ready betrayed you, applying to a more malicious
“ being than any thief-taker of them all : for they
“ only decoy, and then hang you ; but he decoys and
“ hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you
“ loose after the hangman has done.”

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my farther acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here ; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my

mind I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family ; for, as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson, at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten ; and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

“ Alas, Doctor,” cried he, “ these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this !”

“ Why, Mr. Jenkinson,” replied I, “ thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and, if they be good, it matters little for the rest.”

“ I fancy, Sir,” returned my fellow-prisoner, that it must give you great comfort to have this little family about you ?”

“ A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson,” replied I ; “ yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world ; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is, by injuring them.”

“ I am afraid, then, Sir,” cried he, “ that I am in some measure culpable ; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven.”

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him. “ Yet,” continued he, “ I can’t help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception.”

“ My dear Sir,” returned the other, “ it was not your face, but your white stockings, and the black,

“ ribband in your hair, that allured me. But, no dis-
“ paragement to your parts, I have deceived wiser
“ men than you in my time; and yet, with all my
“ tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me
“ at last.”

“ I suppose,” cried my son, “ that the narrative
“ of such a life as yours must be extremely instructing
“ and amusing.”

“ Not much of either,” returned Mr. Jenkinson;
“ those relations which describe the tricks and vices
“ only of mankind, by increasing our suspicions in life,
“ retard our success. The traveller that distrusts
“ every person he meets, and turns back upon the
“ appearance of every man that looks like a robber,
“ seldom arrives in time at his journey’s end.

“ Indeed, I think, from my own experience, that
“ the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun.
“ I was thought cunning from my very childhood :
“ when but seven years old, the ladies would say
“ that I was a perfect little man ; at fourteen, I
“ knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the
“ ladies ; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest,
“ yet every one thought me so cunning, that not one
“ would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to
“ turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived
“ ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to de-
“ ceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of de-
“ tection.

“ I used often to laugh at your honest simple
“ neighbour Flamborough, and, one way or another,
“ generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the
“ honest man went forward without suspicion, and
“ grew rich ; while I still continued tricky and cun-
“ ning, and was poor, without the consolation of be-
“ ing honest.

“ However,” continued he, “ let me know your
“ case, and what has brought you here ; perhaps,
“ though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may
“ extricate my friends.”

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he flapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAP. XXVII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning, I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it : adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might propably disgrace my calling.

“ Excuse me,” returned I, “ these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel, rejected, returns to enrich the giver’s bosom ; and, though the instruction I communicate, may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry ; but, in my opinion, the heart, that is buried in a dungeon,

“ is, as precious as that seated upon a throne.
“ Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will ;
“ perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps
“ I may catch up even one from the gulph, and
“ that will be great gain ; for, is there upon earth
“ a gem so precious as the human soul ?”

Thus saying, I left them and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry expecting my arrival ; and each prepared with some goal-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry *Amen*, in such an affected tone, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest ; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest book in its place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do ; but went on, perfectly sensible, that what was ridiculous in my attempt, would excite mirth only the first or second time, while, what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and, in less than six days, some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling ; and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stop-

pers. From this last mode of idle industry, I took the hint of setting such as chose, to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced, that the work of eradicating crimes, is, not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find, or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands, we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing of punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right, which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder, their right is obvious: as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life; as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then,

I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact ; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And beside, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside, even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live, than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred, or an hundred thousand : for, as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so, the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks ; and untutored Nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other ; they seldom shed blood, but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace ; and, in all commencing governments, that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community, that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age ; and, as if our property were become dearer, in proportion as it is increased, as if, the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears, all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets, to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year, than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both ; for they mutually produce each

other. When, by indiscriminate penal laws, a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt ; from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime ; and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality : thus, the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society, till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance ; it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner ; we should then find, that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger ; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too ; that, few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend ; that a man may see his last crime, without dying for it ; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence, than of virtue, in this life; temporal evils, or felicities, being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not, since my arrival, been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there, were now fled; and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

“ I am glad to see thee, my dear, (cried I ;) but
“ why this dejection, Livy ? I hope, my love, you
“ have too great a regard for me, to permit disap-
“ pointment thus to undermine a life which I prize
“ as my own. Be cheerful, child ; and we may yet
“ see happier days.”

“ You have ever, Sir, (replied she,) been kind
“ to me : and it adds to my pain, that I shall never
“ have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you
“ promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer refer-
“ ved for me here ; and I long to be rid of a place

“ where I have only found distress. Indeed, Sir, I
 “ with you would make a proper submission to Mr.
 “ Thornhill; it may, in some measure, induce him
 “ to pity you, and it will give me relief in dy-
 “ ing.”

“ “ Never, child, (replied I,) never will I be brought
 “ to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for,
 “ though the world may look upon your offence with
 “ scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of cre-
 “ dulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way mi-
 “ serable in this place, however dismal it may seem;
 “ and be assured, that, while you continue to bless
 “ me by living, he shall never have my consent to
 “ make you more wretched by marrying ano-
 “ ther.”

“ After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-
 prisoner, who was bye at this interview, sensibly e-
 nough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refus-
 ing a submission which promised to give me freedom.
 He observed, that the rest of my family were not to
 be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and
 she the only one who had offended me. “ Besides,
 added he, “ I don’t know if it be just, thus to
 “ obstruct the union of man and wife, which you
 “ do at present, by refusing to consent to a match
 “ which, you cannot hinder, but may render un-
 “ happy.”

“ “ Sir,” replied I, “ you are unacquainted with
 “ the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible, that
 “ no submission I can make, could procure me liber-
 “ ty, even for an hour. I am told, that, even in this
 “ very room, a debtor of his, no later than last year,
 “ died for want. But, though my submission and
 “ approbation could transfer me from hence, to the
 “ most beautiful apartment he is possessed of; yet,
 “ I would grant neither, as something whispers me,
 “ that it would be giving a sanction to adultery.
 “ While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his
 “ shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed

“ indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any
“ resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder
“ those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is,
“ I should then wish him married, to prevent the
“ consequences of his future debaucheries. But
“ now, should I not be the most cruel of all fathers,
“ to sign an instrument which must send my child
“ to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and
“ thus, to escape one pang, break my child’s heart
“ with a thousand ? ”

“ He acquiesced in the justice of this answer; but
could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter’s life was already too much wasted, to keep me long a prisoner. “ However ” continued he, “ tho’
“ you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you
“ have no objections to laying your case before the
“ uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom
“ for every thing that is just and good. I would
“ advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew’s ill usage; and my life
“ for it, that in three days you shall have an answer. ”

I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper; and, unluckily, all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days, I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but, in the mean time, was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions, rather than remain here; and, every hour, received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter’s health. The third day, and the fourth, arrived; but I received no answer to my letter; the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew, were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished, like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health; and my arm that had suffered in the fire,

grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and, while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine: every message from her, contributed to encrease my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was, that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison, to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes and teach her soul the way to Heaven! Another account came; she was expiring; and yet, I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account.

He bade me be patient. She was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not cry, for I was too old to weep. "And is not my sister an angel now, Papa?" cried the eldest; "and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my Papa were with me." "Yes," added my youngest darling, "Heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this; and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad."

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing, that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining, for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any resentment of my own, to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

“ Heaven be praised,” replied I, “ there is no
“ pride left me now ; I should detest my own heart,
“ if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there.
“ On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once
“ my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up
“ an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No,
“ Sir I have no resentment now ; and though he
“ has taken from me what I held dearer than all his
“ treasures ; though he has wrung my heart, for I
“ am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-
“ prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with ven-
“ geance. I am now willing to approve his mar-
“ riage ; and if this submission can do him any plea-
“ sure, let him know, that, if I have done him any in-
“ jury, I am sorry for it.” Mr. Jenkinson took pen
and ink, and wrote down my submission, nearly as
I have expressed it, to which I signed my name.
My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr.
Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country.
He went, and in about six hours returned with a
verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to
get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were in-
solent and suspicious ; but he accidentally saw him
as he was going out upon business, preparing for his
marriage, which was to be in three days. He con-
tinued to inform us, that he stepped up, in the hum-
blest manner, and delivered the letter ; which, when
Mr. Thornhill had read, he said, That all submission
was now too late, and unnecessary ; that he had heard
of our application to his uncle, which met with the
contempt it deserved ; and as for the rest, that all fu-
ture applications should be directed to his attorney,
not to him. He observed, however, that, as he had
a very good opinion of the discretion of the two
young ladies, they might have been the most agree-
able intercessors.

“ Well, Sir,” said I to my fellow-prisoner, “ you
“ now discover the temper of the man that oppresses
“ me. He can at once be facetious and cruel ; but

“ let him use as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite
 “ of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing
 “ towards an abode, that looks brighter as I approach
 “ it : this expectation cheers my afflictions ; and,
 “ though I leave an helpless family of orphans be-
 “ hind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken :
 “ some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them,
 “ for the sake of their poor father ; and some may
 “ charitably relieve them, for the sake of their
 “ heavenly Father.”

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen
 that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and
 making efforts, but unable to speak. “ Why, my
 “ love,” cried I, “ why will you thus increase my
 “ afflictions by your own ? What though no submis-
 “ sions can turn our severe master, though he has
 “ doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness,
 “ and though we have lost a darling child, yet still
 “ you will find comfort in your other children, when
 “ I shall be no more.” “ We have indeed lost,”
 “ returned she, a darling child. “ My Sophia, my
 “ dearest, is gone, snatched from us, carried off by
 “ ruffians !”

“ How, Madam,” cried my fellow-prisoner, “ Miss
 “ Sophia carried off by villains ! sure it cannot
 “ be ?”

She could only answer with a fixed look and a
 flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who
 was present, and came in with her, gave us a more
 distinct account : she informed us, that, as my wife,
 my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together
 on the great road, a little way out of the village, a
 post chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly
 stopped. Upon which a well dressed man, but not
 Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter
 round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postillion
 drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

“ Now,” cried I, “ the sum of my miseries is
 “ made up ; nor is it in the power of any thing on

“ earth to give me another pang. What ! not one
 “ left ! not to leave me one ! the monster ! the
 “ child that was next my heart ! she had the beauty
 “ of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel.
 “ But support that woman, nor let her fall. Not to
 “ leave me one !”——Alas ! my husband,” said my
 “ wife, “ you seem to want comfort even more than
 “ I. Our distresses are great ; but I could bear this,
 “ and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take
 “ away my children, and all the world, if they leave
 “ me but you.”

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief ; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.——

“ My child,” cried I, “ look round the world, and
 “ see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not
 “ every ray of comfort shut out ? while all our
 “ bright prospects are only beyond the grave !”——

“ My dear father,” returned he, “ I hope there is
 “ something that will give you an interval of satisfaction ; for I have a letter from my brother
 “ George.”——“ What of him, child ?” interrupted
 “ I ; “ does he know our misery ? I hope my boy
 “ is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers ?”——“ Yes, Sir, returned he, “ he
 “ is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter
 “ brings nothing but good news ? he is the favourite
 “ of his colonel, who promises to procure him the
 “ very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant.”

“ “ And are you sure all of this ?” cried my wife ; are
 “ you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy ?”

“ ——Nothing, indeed, Madam,” returned my
 “ son ; “ you shall see the letter, which will give
 “ you the highest pleasure ; and, if any thing can
 “ procure your comfort, I am sure that will.” “ But
 “ are you sure,” still repeated she, that the letter is
 “ from himself, and that he is really so happy ?”——

“ Yes, Madam,” replied, he “ it is certainly his ; and
 “ he will one day be the credit and the support of

“our family!” “Then I thank Providence,” cried she, that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear,” continued she, turning to me, “I will now confess, that, though the hand of Heaven is fore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother’s blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But, thanks be to Him that directs all things, it has miscarried; and I am at rest.” “Woman,” cried I, “thou hast done very ill; and, at another time, my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has been reserved to that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and his sisters! But what sisters has he left? he has no sisters now; they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone.”

——“Father,” interrupted my son, “I beg you will give me leave to read his letter; I know it will please you.” Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

“HONOURED SIR,

“I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless group, as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or

distress ! But, whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

“ Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom ; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted ; and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increasing respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and, could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends ; and in this number I fear, Sir, that I must consider you ; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home, to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them : yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then, tell them, Sir, that, after all, I love them affectionately, and be assured of my ever remaining

“ Your dutiful son.”

“ In all our miseries,” cried I, “ what thanks have we not to return, that one, at least, of our family is exempted from what we suffer ? Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy, to be the supporter of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him. May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour.” I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison

below ; it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror, when I found it was my own son. “ My George ! My
“ George ! and do I behold thee thus ? Wounded !
“ fettered ! Is this thy happiness ! Is this the man-
“ ner you return to me ! O that this sight could
“ break my heart at once, and let me die !”

“ Where, Sir, is your fortitude ?” returned my son, with an intrepid voice. I must suffer ; my life
“ is forfeited, and let them take it.”

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes in silence ; but I thought I should have died with the effort.—“ O my boy, my heart weeps to behold
“ thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In the
moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy
safety, to behold thee thus again ! Chained, wound-
“ ed ! And yet the death of the youthful is happy.
“ But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to
“ see this day : to see my children, all untimely fal-
“ ling about me, while I continue a wretched sur-
“ vivor in the midst of ruin ! May all the curses
“ that ever sunk a soul, fall heavy upon the murder-
“ er of my children. May he live, like me, to
“ see——”

“ Hold, Sir,” replied my son, “ or I shall blush
“ for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of your age, your
“ holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven,
“ and fling those curses upward, that must soon
“ descend to crush thy own grey head with destruc-
“ tion ! No, Sir ; let it be your care now to fit me
“ for that vile death I must shortly suffer ; to arm
“ me with hope and resolution, to give me courage
“ to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be
“ my portion.”

“ My child, you must not die. I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment : my George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.”

“ Mine, Sir,” returned my son, “ is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother’s letter from home, I immediately came down determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one, who first assaulted me, and I fear, desperately ; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me : the proofs are undeniable. I have sent a challenge ; and, as I am the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude ; let me now, Sir, find them in your example.”

“ And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment, I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here ; and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal, where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share.— Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them.” Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my coun-

fel ; my son and his mother supported me on either side : I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAP. XXIX.

The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That, from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

MY friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect upon the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer.— Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for ; but we daily see thousands, who, by suicide, show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest ; but yet we may be completely miserable.

Why man should thus feel pain—why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity—why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require, for its perfection,

parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves?—These are questions that can never be explained, and might be useless, if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often falacious. It tells us, that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for, if life is a place of comfort its shortness must be misery; and, if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus, philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion then we must hold, in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort; for, if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain.

But, though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises

in our sacred law. The author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend, and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference, without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power, even of Heaven itself, to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But Providence is, in another respect, kinder to the poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage thither. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, without possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure: he feels only Nature's pang in the final separation; and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before: for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, Nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Thus, providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life; greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned, as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what

it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

Thus, my friends, you see religion does, what philosophy could never do : it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard ; it gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it. But if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter ; and, even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up, by duration, what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

These are therefore the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind ; in other respects, they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessities of living, are not poor ; and they who want them, must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher, from his couch of softness, tell us, that we can resist all these. Alas ! the effort by which we resist them, is still the greatest pain ! Death is slight and any man can sustain it ; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear ; for, if our reward be in this life alone, we are then, in-

deed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us ; this light that only serves to show the horrors of the place ; those shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary ; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans ; O my friends ! what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these. To fly through regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to carol over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes ; when I think of these things, Death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings ; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support ; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having ? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away ? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages ; but we humbled as we, are, should yearn for them.

And shall these things be ours ? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them ; and, what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours, and, what is still a comfort, shortly too : for, if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and, whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration : as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with Time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end ; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us : and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like his horizon, still flies before him ; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when

we shall cease from our toil ; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth ; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below ; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship ; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

CHAP. XXX.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the goaler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty ; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to revisit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bed-side reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter ; for that she was seen by a person, about two hours before, in a strange gentle-

man's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the goaler came, with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found. Moses came running in, a moment after crying out, that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure.—

“ Here, Papa, (cried the charming girl,) here is
“ the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to
“ this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my
“ happiness and safety———A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

“ Ah, Mr. Burchell, (cried I,) this is but a
“ wretched habitation you now find us in; and we
“ are now very different from what you last saw us.
“ You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who under the mask of friendship, has undone me.”

“ It is impossible, (replied Mr. Burchell,) that
“ I should forgive you, as you never deserved my
“ resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and
“ as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it.”

“ It was ever my conjecture, (cried I,) that your
“ mind was noble; but now I find it so. But tell
“ me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved,
“ or who the ruffians were who carried thee away?”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “ as to the villain
“ who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as
“ my mamma and I were walking out, he came be-
“ hind us, and, almost before I could call for help,
“ forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant
“ the horses drove away. I met several on the
“ road, to whom I cried out for assistance ; but
“ they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean
“ time, the ruffian himself used every art to hin-
“ der me from crying out : he flattered and threat-
“ ened by turns, and swore, that if I continued but
“ silent he intended no harm. In the mean time, I
“ had broken the canvass that he had drawn up,
“ and whom should I perceive at some distance but
“ our old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with
“ his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which
“ we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we
“ came within hearing, I called out to him by name,
“ and entreated his help. I repeated my exclama-
“ tions several times ; upon which, with a very loud
“ voice, he bid the postillion stop ; but the boy took
“ no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I
“ now thought he could never overtake us, when,
“ in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come
“ running up by the side of the horses, and with
“ one blow knock the postillion to the ground : the
“ horses, when he was fallen, soon stopt of them-
“ selves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and
“ menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his
“ peril to retire ; but Mr. Burchell running up,
“ shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him
“ for near a quarter of a mile ; but he made his es-
“ cape. I was at this time come out myself, wil-
“ ling to assist my deliverer ; but he soon returned
“ to me in triumph. The postillion, who was re-
“ covered, was going to make his escape too ; but
“ Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount

“ again, and drive back to town. Finding it impos-
“ sible to resist, he reluctantly complied ; though
“ the wound he had received, seemed, to me at least,
“ dangerous. He continued to complain of the
“ pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited
“ Mr. Burchell’s compassion, who, at my request,
“ exchanged him for another, at an inn where we
“ called on our return.”

“ Welcome, then,” cried I, “ my child ; and
“ thou, her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes.
“ Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts
“ are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Bur-
“ chell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think
“ her a recompence, she is yours ; if you can stoop
“ to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take
“ her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her
“ heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you,
“ Sir, that I give you no small treasure ; she has been
“ celebrated for beauty, it is true ; but that is not my
“ meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind ”

“ “ But I suppose, Sir,” cried Mr. Burchell, that
“ you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my
“ incapacity to support her as she deserves ?”

“ “ If your present objection,” replied I, “ be
“ meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist : but I
“ know no man so worthy to deserve her as you ;
“ and, if I could give her thousands, and thousands
“ sought her from me, yet my honest, brave Burchell
“ should be my dearest choice.”

To all this, his silence alone seemed to give a mor-
tifying refusal ; and, without the least reply to my
offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished
with refreshments from the next inn ? To which
being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them
to send in the best dinner that could be provided
upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen
of their best wine, and some cordials for me ; adding
with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once,
and, though in a prison, asserted he was never bet-

ter disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner ; a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous ; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful ; the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble ; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth, by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also, that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner, might be admitted ; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him : while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me, if my son's name were George ? to which, replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. " Come on," cried I, my son ; " though we are fallen, very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer ; to that brave man it is, that I am indebted for yet having a daughter ; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship ; he deserves our warmest gratitude." My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at respectful distance——" My dear brother," cried his sister " why don't you thank my good deliverer ? the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic, as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet, there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, "I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime—" But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us, that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon.— "Bid the fellow wait," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive him;" and then turning to my son, "I again find, Sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, Sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer, who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a counter?"

"Alas, Sir," cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for, what he has done, was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here, Sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt."

"He took the letter and hastily read it over. This," says he, "though not a perfect excuse, is

“ such a palliation of his fault, as induces me to for-
“ give him. And now, Sir,” continued he, kindly
“ taking my son by the hand, “ I see you are sur-
“ prized at finding me here ; but I have often visited
“ prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now
“ come to see justice done to a worthy man, for whom
“ I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been
“ a disguised spectator of thy father’s benevolence. I
“ have at his little dwelling, enjoyed respect uncon-
“ taminated by flattery ; and have received that hap-
“ piness that courts could not give, from the amusing
“ simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has
“ been apprized of my intentions of coming here, and
“ I find is arrived : it would be wronging him and
“ you, to condemn him without examination : if
“ there be injury, there shall be a redress ; and this,
“ I may say, without boasting, that none have ever
“ taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill.”

“ We now found the personage whom we had so long entertained as an harmless amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was, in reality, a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction ; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension ; but Sophia, who, a few moments before, thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

“ Ah, Sir” cried my wife, with a piteous aspect,
“ how is it possible that I can ever have your forgive-
“ ness ? The flights you received from me the last
“ time I had the honour of seeing you at our house,
“ and the jokes which I audaciously threw out ; these
“ jokes, Sir, I fear, can never be forgiven.”

“ My dear good lady,” returned he, with a smile,

“ if you had your joke, I had my answer : I’ll leave
“ it to all the company, if mine were not as good as
“ yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I
“ am disposed to be angry with at present, but the
“ fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had
“ not even time to examine the rascal’s person, so as
“ to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell
“ me, Sophia, my dear, whether you shall know him
“ again ?”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “ I can’t be posi-
“ tive ; yet now I recollect he had a large mark over
“ one of his eye-brows.” “ I ask pardon, Madam,”
“ interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, but be so good
“ as to inform me, if the fellow wore his own red
“ hair ?—“ Yes, I think so,” cried Sophia—“ And
did your Honour,” continued he, turning to Sir Wil-
liam, “ observe the length of his legs ?”—“ I can’t
“ be sure of their length,” cried the Baronet, “ but I
“ am convinced of their swiftness ; for he out-ran
“ me, which is what I thought few men in the king-
“ dom could have done.”——“ Please your Ho-
“ nour,” cried Jenkinson, “ I know the man : it is
“ certainly the same : the best runner in England ;
“ he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle ; Timothy
“ Baxter is his name ; I know him perfectly, and
“ the very place of his retreat this moment. If your
“ Honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men
“ go with me, I’ll engage to produce him to you in
“ an hour at farthest.” Upon this, the gaoler was
“ called, who instantly appearing, Sir William de-
“ manded, If he knew him ? “ Yes, please your Ho-
“ nour,” replied the gaoler, “ I know Sir William
“ Thornhill well ; and every body that knows any
“ thing of him, will desire to know more of him.”
“ ——Well, then,” said the Baronet, “ my request
“ is, that you will permit this man and two of your
“ servants to go upon a message, by my authority ;
“ and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I un-
“ dertake to secure you.”——Your promise is suf-

“ficient,” replied the other; “and you may, at a minute’s warning, send them over England, whenever your honour thinks fit.”

In pursuance of the gaoler’s compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in, and climbed up to Sir William’s neck, in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity; but the worthy man prevented her; and, taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, “What, Bill, you chubby rogue,” cried he, “do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you.” So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAP. XXXI.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. THORNHILL made his entrance with a smile which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, Sir, at present," cried the Baronet, with a look of severity: "the only way to my heart, is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, Sir that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into a prison, perhaps but for resenting, the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man——"

"Is it possible, Sir," interrupted his nephew, "that my uncle could object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?"

"Your rebuke," cried Sir William, "is just; you have acted, in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of hon-

“ our ; but thou———yes you have acted in this
“ instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest
“ approbation.”

“ And I hope,” said his nephew “ that the
“ rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve
“ censure. I appeared, Sir, with this gentleman’s
“ daughter at some places of public amusement :
“ thus, what was levity, scandal called by a har-
“ sh name ; and it was reported that I had de-
“ bauched her. I waited on her father in person,
“ willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and
“ he received me only with insult and abuse. As
“ for the rest with regard to his being here, my
“ attorney and steward can best inform you, as I
“ commit the management of my business entirely
“ to them. If he has contracted debts, and is un-
“ willing or even unable to pay them, it is their
“ business to proceed in this manner ; and I see no
“ hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal
“ means of redress.”

“ If this, ” cried Sir William, “ be as you have
“ stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your
“ offence ; and though your conduct might have
“ been more generous, in not suffering this gen-
“ tleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny,
“ yet it has been at least equitable.”

“ He cannot contradict a single particular,” re-
plied the Squire “ I defy him to do so ; and se-
“ veral of my servants are ready to attest what I
“ say. Thus, Sir,” continued he, finding that I
was silent, for, in fact, I could not contradict him.
“ Thus, Sir, my own innocence is vindicated.—
“ But though at your intreaty, I am ready to for-
“ give this gentleman every other offence, yet, his
“ attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a
“ resentment that I cannot govern ; and this, too,
“ at a time when his son was actually prepar-
“ ing to take away my life : this, I say, was such
“ guilt, that I am determined to let the law take

“ its course. I have here, the challenge that was
“ sent me and two witnesses to prove it ; one of
“ my servants has been wounded dangerously ; and
“ and even though my uncle himself should dissuade
“ me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public
“ justice done, and he shall suffer for it.”

“ Thou monster, ” cried my wife, ” hast thou not
“ had vengeance enough already, but must my
“ poor boy feel thy cruelty ? I hope that good
“ Sir William will protect us ; for my son is as
“ innocent as a child : I am sure he is, and never
“ did harm to man ”

“ Madam, (replied the good man), your wishes
“ for his safety are not greater than mine : but
“ I am sorry to find his guilt too plain ; and if my
“ nephew persists——” But the appearance of
Jenkinson and the goaler’s two servants now called
off our attention, who entered haling in a tall man,
very genteelly dressed, and answering the descrip-
tion already given of the ruffian who had carried
off my daughter.—“ Here (cried Jenkinson, pul-
ling him in), here we have him ; and if ever there
“ was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one.”

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the pri-
soner, and Jenkinson, who had him in custody,
he seemed to shrink back with terror. His face
became pale with conscious guilt, and he would
have withdrawn ; but Jenkinson, who perceived
his design stopped him.—“ What, Squire, (cried
he,) are you ashamed of your two old acquaint-
“ ances, Jenkinson and Baxter ? But this is the
“ way that all great men forget their friends,
“ though I am resolved we will not forget you.
“ Our prisoner please your Honour, (continued
he, turning to Sir William), has already confes-
“ sed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so
“ dangerously wounded. He declared, that it was
“ Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair,
“ that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to

“ appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with
 “ the post chaise. The plan was laid between them
 “ that he should carry off the young lady to a place
 “ of safety, and that there he should threaten and
 “ terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in,
 “ in the mean time, as if by accident, to her re-
 “ scue, and that they should fight a while, and
 “ then he was to run off; by which Mr. Thorn-
 “ hill would have the better opportunity of gain-
 “ ing her affections himself, under the character
 “ of her defender.”

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew; and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

“ Heavens,” cried Sir, William, “ what a viper
 “ have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond
 “ of public justice too as he seemed to be! But he
 “ shall have it: secure him, Mr. Gaoler;—yet hold,
 “ I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him.”

Upon this Mr. Thornhill with the utmost humili-
 ty, entreated, that two such abandoned wretches
 might not be admitted as evidences against him,
 but that his servants should be examined.—“ Your
 “ servants! (replied Sir William,) “ wretch, call
 “ them yours no longer; but come, let us hear
 “ what those fellows have to say: let his butler be
 “ called.”

When the butler was introduced, he soon per-
 ceived by his former master's looks, that all his
 power was now over. “ Tell me ” cried Sir Wil-
 liam, sternly, “ have you ever seen your master,
 “ and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in com-
 “ pany together?” “ Yes, please your honour,”
 cried the butler, “ a thousand times: he was the
 “ man that always brought him his ladies.”——
 “ How,” interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, “ this to

my face !”——“ Yes,” replied the butler, “ or to
 “ any man’s face. To tell you a truth, Mr. Thorn-
 “ hill, I never either loved you or liked you ; and I
 “ don’t care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.”
 “ ——Now then,” cried Jenkinson, “ tell his Ho-
 “ nour whether you knew any thing of me.”——
 “ I can’t say,” replied the butler, “ that I know
 “ much good of you. The night that gentleman’s
 “ daughter was deluded to our house, you were one
 “ of them.”——“ So then ” cried Sir William,
 “ I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove
 “ your innocence : thou stain to humanity ! to as-
 “ sociate with such wretches ! But, (continuing his
 exclamation), you tell [me, Mr. Butler, that this
 was the person who brought him this old gentle-
 “ man’s daughter.”——“ No, please your Honour,”
 replied the butler ; “ he did not bring her, for the
 “ Squire himself undertook that business ; but he
 “ brought the priest that pretended to marry them.”
 “ ——It is but too true,” cried Jenkinson ; “ I can-
 “ not deny it ; that was the employment assigned
 “ me ; and I confess it, to my confusion.”

“ Good Heavens ! ” exclaimed the Baronet, “ how
 “ every new discovery of his villainy alarms me ! All
 “ his guilt is now too plain ; and I find his present
 “ prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice,
 “ and revenge. At my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this
 “ young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to
 “ me for the consequences. I’ll make it my business
 “ to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the
 “ magistrate who has committed him. But, where
 “ is the unfortunate young lady herself ? Let her
 “ appear, to confront this wretch ; I long to know
 “ by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to
 “ come in.—Where is she ?”

“ Ah, Sir,” said I “ that question stings me to the
 heart : I was once, indeed, happy in a daughter ;
 but her miseries——” Another interruption here
 prevented me ; for, who should make her appear-

ance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted, that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street; and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her; which he did; and it was thus she surprized us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives? How many seeming accidents must unite, before we can be clothed or fed. The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments; while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. "Indeed my dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she to the Squire, who, she supposed, was come here to succour and not to oppress us; "I take it a little unkindly, that you should come here without

“ me, or never inform me of the situation of a family
“ so dear to us both: you know I should take as much
“ pleasure in contributing to the relief of my rever-
“ end old master here, whom I shall ever esteem,
“ as you can. But I find, that, like your uncle, you
“ take a pleasure in doing good in secret.”

“ He find pleasure in doing good!” cried Sir Wil-
liam interrupting her. “ No, my dear; his pleasures
“ are as base as he is. You see in him, Madam, as
“ complete a villain, as ever disgraced humanity. A
“ wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man’s
“ daughter, after plotting against the innocence of
“ her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and
“ the eldest son into fetters, because he had courage
“ to face her betrayer. And give me leave, Madam,
“ now to congratulate you upon an escape from the
“ embraces of such a monster.”

“ O goodness.” cried the lovely girl, “ how have I
“ been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for
“ certain, that this gentleman’s eldest son, Captain
“ Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-
“ married lady.”

“ My sweetest Miss,” cried my wife, “ he has told
“ you nothing but falsehoods. My son George ne-
“ ver left the kingdom, nor never was married.
“ Though you have forsaken him, he has always
“ loved you too well to think of any body else; and
“ I have heard him say, he would die a bachelor
“ for your sake.” She then proceeded to expatiate
upon the sincerity of her son’s passion; she set his
duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; from
thence she made a rapid digression to the Squire’s de-
baucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with
a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

“ Good heavens!” cried Miss Wilmot, “ how
“ very near have I been to the brink of ruin! But
“ how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten
“ thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me!
“ He had at last art enough to persuade me, that my

“ promise to the only man I esteemed, was no longer
 “ binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his
 “ falsehoods, I was taught to detest one equally brave
 “ and generous.”

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals; and, without vanity, (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real———“ Sure, Madam,” cried he, “ this is but delusion, ! I can never have merited this ! To be blest thus, is to be too happy.”——
 “ No, Sir,” replied she, “ I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship : you have long known it : but forget what I have done, and, as you once had my warmest vows of constancy you shall now have them repeated ; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another’s.”——
 “ And no other’s you shall be,” cried Sir William, “ if I have any influence with your father.”

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who

immediately flew to the inn, where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But, in the mean time, the Squire perceiving that he was on every side undone ; now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded, that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. “ I find then,” cried he, “ that I am to expect no justice here ; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, Sir,” turning to Sir William, “ I am no longer a poor dependent upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from me, which, I thank her father’s assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match, and, possessed of the one, let him who will take the other.

This was an alarming blow, Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked, if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. “ Though fortune,” said she, “ is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give.”

“ And that Madam,” cried her real lover, was indeed all that you ever had to give ; at least all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that’s happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity.

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was

secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but, to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune, was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.—“I must confess Sir,” cried he, “that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth, is now justly punished. But, though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each other; and for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave then that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.”

“Sir William, (replied the old gentleman,) “be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him, with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here [meaning me] give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together.”

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required, which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each others arms in a transport.

After all my misfortunes,” cried my son George,

“ to be thus rewarded ! Sure this is more than I
“ could ever have presumed to hope for. To be
“ possessed of all that’s good, and after such an in-
“ terval of pain ! My warmest wishes could never
“ rise so high !”——“ Yes, my George,” returned
his lovely bride, “ now let the wretch take my for-
“ tune ; since you are happy without it, so am I.
“ O what an exchange have I made, from the basest
“ of men, to the dearest, best. —Let him enjoy our
“ fortune ; I now can be happy even in indigence.”
“ And I promise you, (cried the Squire, with a ma-
licious grin,) “ that I shall be very happy with what
“ you despise.”——

“ Hold, hold, Sir, (cried Jenkinson,) there are two
“ words to that bargain. As for that lady’s for-
“ tune, Sir, you shall never touch a stiver of
“ it. Pray your Honour, (continued he to Sir
“ William,) “ can the Squire have this lady’s fortune
“ if he be married to another ? “ How can you
“ make such a simple demand ? (replied the Baro-
“ net,) undoubtedly he cannot. I am sorry for
“ that, (cried Jenkinson ;) for as this gentleman
“ and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a
“ friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I
“ love him, that his contract is not worth a tobac-
“ co stopper, for he is married already.”——

“ You lie, like a rascal, (returned the Squire, who
seemed roused by this insult ;) “ I never was legal-
“ ly married to any woman.”——“ Indeed, beg-
“ ging your honour’s pardon,” replied the other,
“ you were ; and I hope you will shew a proper
“ return of friendship to your own honest Jen-
“ kinson, who brings you a wife, and if the com-
“ pany restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they
“ shall see her.”——So saying, he went off with
his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form
any probable conjecture as to his design —— “ Ay,
“ let him go, (cried the Squire,) whatever else

“ I may have done, I defy him there. I am too
“ old now to be frightened with squibs.”

“ I am surprized, (said the Baronet,) what the
“ fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of
“ humour, I suppose ?” “ Perhaps Sir,” replied I,
“ he may have a more serious meaning. For,
“ when we reflect on the various schemes the
“ gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, per-
“ haps some one, more artful than the rest has
“ been found able to deceive him. When we con-
“ sider what numbers he has ruined, how many
“ parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the
“ contamination which he has brought into their
“ families, it would not surprize me, if some one
“ of them——Amazement! Do I see my lost daugh-
“ ter ! Do I hold her ! It is, it is my life, my
“ happiness. I thought thee lost, my Olivia, yet
“ still I hold thee——and still thou shalt live to bless
“ me.” The warmest transports of the fondest fa-
ther, were not greater than mine, when I saw him in-
troduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms,
whose silence only spoke her raptures. “ And art thou
“ returned to me, my darling,” cried I, “ to be my
“ comfort in old age ?” “ That she is” cried Jenkin-
“ son, “ and make much of her, for she is your own
“ honourable child, and as honest a woman as any,
“ in the whole room, let the other be who she will.
“ And as for you, Squire, as sure as you stand there
“ this young lady is your lawful wedded wife.
“ And, to convince you that I speak nothing but
“ the truth, here is the licence by which you were
“ married together.

So saying, he put the licence into the Baronet’s
hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every res-
pect. “ And now, gentlemen,” continued he, “ I find
“ you are surprized at all this; but a few words will
“ explain the difficulty. That there Squire of re-
“ nown, for whom I have a great friendship, but
“ that’s between ourselves, has often employed me

“ in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest
 “ he commissioned me to procure him a false li-
 “ cence, and a false priest, in order to deceive this
 “ young lady. But as I was very much his friend,
 “ what did I do, but went and got a true licence
 “ and a true priest, and married them both as fast
 “ as the cloth could make them? Perhaps you’ll
 “ think it was generosity that made me do all this.
 “ But no. To my shame I confess it, my only de-
 “ sign was to keep the licence, and let the Squire
 “ know, that I could prove it upon him whenever
 “ I thought proper, and so make him come down
 “ whenever I wanted money.

“ A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole
 apartment; our joy reached even to the common
 room where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

*And shook their chains
 In transport and rude harmony.*

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and
 even Olivia’s check seemed flushed with pleasure.
 To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and to
 fortune, at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the
 progress of decay, and restore former health and vi-
 vacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one
 who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the
 dear, loved child in my arms, I asked my heart, if
 these transports were not delusion? “ How could
 “ you, (cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson,) how
 “ could you add to my miseries, by the story of her
 “ death? But it matters not; my pleasure at find-
 “ ing her again, is more than a recompence for the
 “ pain.

“ As to your question, (replied Jenkinson,) that
 “ is easily answered. I thought the only probable
 “ means of freeing you from prison, was by sub-
 “ mitting to the Squire, and consenting to his mar-
 “ riage with the other young lady. But these you
 “ had vowed never to grant, while your daughter

“ was living ; there was therefore no other method
“ to bring things to bear, but by persuading you
“ she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in
“ the deceit ; and we have not had a fit opportuni-
“ ty of undeceiving you till now.

In the whole assembly, now, there only appeared two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him : he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and, in a voice of piercing misery, implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away ; but, at my request, he raised him ; and, after pausing a few moments, “ Thy
“ vices, crimes, and ingratitude, (cried he,) deserve
“ no tendernefs ; yet thou shalt not be entirely for-
“ saken : a bare competence shall be supplied to
“ support the wants of life, but not its follies.
“ This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in posselli-
“ on of a third part of that fortune which once was
“ thine, and from her tendernefs alone thou art to
“ expect any extraordinary supplies for the future.”
“ He was going to express his gratitude for such a kindness in a set speech ; but the Baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted, to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father ; my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that

honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round, with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all, except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. “I think
 “ now, (cried he, with a smile) that all the com-
 “ pany, except one or two, seem perfectly happy.
 “ There only remains an act of justice for me to do.
 “ You are sensible, Sir, (continued he, turning to
 “ me,) of the obligations we both owe Mr.
 “ Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both re-
 “ ward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure,
 “ make him very happy; and he shall have from me
 “ five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon
 “ this, I am sure, they can live very comfortably
 “ together. Come, Miss Sophia, What say you
 “ to this match of my making? Will you have
 “ him.”——

My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal.——“Have him, Sir!” cried she faintly, “No, Sir, never.”——
 “What,” cried he again, “not have Mr Jenkinson,
 “ your benefactor, an handsome young fellow, with
 “ five hundred pounds, and good expectations?”
 “——“I beg, Sir,” returned she, scarce able to
 “ speak, “that you'll desist, and not make me so
 “ very wretched.” “Was ever such obstinacy
 “ known,” cried he again, “to refuse a man whom
 “ the family has such infinite obligations to, who
 “ has preserved your sister, and who has five hun-
 “ dred pounds! What! not have him!”——“No,
 “ Sir, never,” replied she, angrily; “I'd sooner die
 “ first.”——“If that be the case then,” cried he,
 “If you will not have him—I think I must have you
 “ myself.” And so saying, he caught her to his breast
 with ardour. “My loveliest, my most sensible of
 “ girls,” cried he, “how could you ever think your

“ own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir Wil-
“ liam Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mis-
“ tress that loved him for himself alone ? I have for,
“ some years, fought for a woman, who, a stranger
“ to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a
“ man. After having tried in vain, even amongst
“ the pert and the ugly ; how great, at last, must be
“ my rapture, to have made a conquest over such
“ sense and heavenly beauty !” Then turning to
“ Jenkinson, “ As I cannot, Sir, part with this
“ young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the
“ cut of my face, all the recompence I can make, is
“ to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my
“ steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.” Thus
we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady
Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony
that her sister had done before. In the mean time,
Sir William’s gentleman appeared, to tell us that the
equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where
every thing was prepared for our reception. My
wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy man-
sions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered
forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners ;
and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half
that sum. We were received below by the shouts
of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two
or three of my honest parishioners, who were among
the number. They attended us to our inn, where a
sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser
provisions distributed in great quantities among the
populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the
alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sus-
tained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw,
and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth,
as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my
heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of
sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAP. XXXII.*The Conclusion.*

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know, that my merchant who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that, as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had, the night before, sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and, as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole com-

pany as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them; yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation: In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both, with equal obstinacy and good-breeding. But I stood at this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest; and shutting it, "I perceive, (cried I), that none of you have a mind to be married, " and I think we had as good go back again; for " I suppose there will be no business done here to-day."——This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously, this morning, given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family; by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; (and I have since found, that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have, whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers

of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me ; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity ; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea a-piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this, we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other ; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret ; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that, when he reforms, she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus, when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed.—The question was whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides ? But the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed, that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving all the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual ; but I am cer-

tain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember. Old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you."—Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed, that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for ; all my cares were over ; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

T H E E N D.

ESSAYS.

COLLECTA REVIRESCUNT.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Essays have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate, without assisting the book-seller's aims, or extending the writer's reputation. The public was too strenuously employed with their own follies, to be assiduous in estimating mine; so that many of my best attempts in this way, have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times; the Ghost in Cock-lane, or the siege of Ticonderago.

But though they have past pretty silently in the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the

day, have, indeed, been liberal enough in this respect. Most of these essays have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kennel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philantos, Philalethes, Philaleutheros, and Philanthropos, These gentlemen have kindly stood sponfors to my productions, and to flatter me more, have always past them as their own.

It is time, however, at last, to vindicate my claims ; and as these entertainers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly lived upon me for some years, let me now try if I cannot live a little upon myself. I would desire in this case, to imitate that fat man whom I have somewhere heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors prest by famine, were taking slices from his posteriors to satisfy their hunger, insisted with great justice on having the first cut for himself.

PREFACE.

Yet after all, I cannot be angry with any who have taken it into their heads, to think that whatever I write is worth reprinting, particularly when I consider how great a majority will scarce think it worth reading. Trifling and superficial are terms of reproach that are easily objected, and that carry an air of penetration in the observer. These faults have been objected to the following essays ; and it must be owned, in some measure, that the charge is true. However, I could have made them more metaphysical had I thought fit, but I would ask whether in a short essay it is not necessary to be superficial ? Before we have prepared to enter into the depths of a subject, in the usual forms, we have got to the bottom of our scanty page, and thus lose the honours of a victory by too tedious a preparation for the combat.

There is another fault in this collection of trifles, which I fear will not be so easily pardoned. It will be alledged that the humour of them (if any be found) is stale and hackneyed. This may be true enough as matters now stand but I may with great truth assert, that the humour was new when I wrote it. Since that time indeed, many of the topics which were first started here, have been hunted down, and many of

the thoughts blown upon. In fact, these essays were considered as quietly laid in the grave of oblivion, and our modern compilers, like sextons and executioners, think it their undoubted right to pillage the dead.

However, whatever right I have to complain of the public, they can, as yet, have no just reason to complain of me. If I have written dull Essays, they have hitherto treated them as dull Essays. Thus far we are, at least, upon par, and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor, by praise, I am resolved not to leave one single inch of my self-importance. Instead, therefore, of attempting to establish a credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant correspondent, and as my drafts are in some danger of being protested at home, it may not be imprudent upon this occasion, to draw my bills upon posterity. “ Mr. “ Posterity. Sir, Nine hundred and ninety- “ nine years after sight hereof, pay the bea- “ er, or order, a thousand pound’s worth of “ praise, free from all deductions whatsoever, “ it being a commodity that will then be very “ serviceable to him, and place it to the account “ of, &c.”

ESSAYS

ESSAY I.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer finds himself. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too probable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If, on the other hand like labourers in the Magazine-trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things

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that were ever said or written, those readers, I most desire to please may forsake me.

My bookseller, in this dilemma, perceiving my embarrassment, instantly offered his assistance and advice; "You must know, Sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is at present divided into several classes. One writer excels at a plan, or a title-page: another works away the body of the book: and a third is a dab at an index.— Thus a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry; but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public, I fancy, Sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them, as Colonel Charters paid his seraglio, at the rate of three halfpence in hand, and three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that, as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious, in order to be logical; wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curiosity by lessening his surprize, to anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Happy could any effort of mine but repress one criminal pleasure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety! How gladly would I lead mankind from the vain prospects of life, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity!

But whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which

has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar and Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming table, may be received with perfect indifference, should it happen to drop in a mackarel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who, with persuasive eloquence, promises four pages extraordinary of letter-press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

Thus then, though I cannot promise as much entertainment or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have, are heartily at his service; which if, after so candid a confession, he should notwithstanding still find intolerably dull, or low, or sad stuff, this I protest is no more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try

a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste ; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even a fourth, in case of extremity : if he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bays in the Rehearsal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance. But still if my readers impute the general tenor of my subject to me as a fault, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himself in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin ; a deformity which, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday ; a country church was at hand ; and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger ; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a puffed chin. Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers, circulated from visage to visage ; the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. " Good folks," said, he " I perceive that I am a very " ridiculous figure here, but I assure you I am reckon- " ed no way deformed at H O M E."

E S S A Y II.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

TAKEN FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

AT H E N S, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world: for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained, but

her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities.

of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the Forum, whether our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going

up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by

another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the fullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

ESSAY III.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth, thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and ques-

tions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue ! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country-wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me, into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to shew that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here ! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, tho' seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading nor study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy Cardinal Marazine (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniencies of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the

jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others, into insensibility, or even idiotism ; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it : for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it Seeing Life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money-matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him.—“ I leave my second son, Andrew,” said the expiring miser, “ my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.” Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself.—“ I recommend Simon my third son, to the care of his eldest brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds” “ Ah ! father,” cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) “ may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.” At last, turning to poor Dick, “ As for you, you have a-

“ ways been a bad dog ; you’ll never come to good ;
“ you’ll never be rich ; I’ll leave you a shilling to
“ buy a halter.” “ Ah ! father,” cries Dick without any emotion, “ may heaven give you life and
“ health to enjoy it yourself.” This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father ; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball ; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce ; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps, her good humour in spite of scandal ; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume ; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it : by the first method, we forget our miseries ; by the last, we only conceal them from others ; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict ; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

E S S A Y IV.

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom brown's works) that let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-house, and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Hum-drum club in Ivy-lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moor-fields, either at Bedlam, or the Foundery, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman who comes to live in London finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement: to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribbons to her complexion, than I to suit my club

to my temper, for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The Grand, with a malet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men, who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a mad-man and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were over-ruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The President ordered up the jack-chain, and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment.

to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number ; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, Bravo ! Encore ! and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste and the ardour of my approbation ; and whispering, told me, that I had suffered an immense loss ; for, had I come a few minutes sooner I might have heard Gee-ho Dobbin sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the President's right elbow ; but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the " Softly sweet, in Lydian measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welch dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy ; after that came on Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza : next was sung the Dust-cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely ; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn ; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest : one begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taste ; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges ; nothing was now heard but singing ; voice rose above voice, till the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drank out. Rabelais calls the moment in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives : never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord : Drank out ! was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table : Drank out already ! that was very odd ! that so much punch could be drank out already ! impossible ! The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to

retreat from his first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a President chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which, he fancied, would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have, at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; "no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with "wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of "prudence and foresight every one of them: these "are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal: to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company; for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach, but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter-pot in his hand, and with faces which might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society, thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with meaning, and mature by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down I expected it was to speak, but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence (for to this I imputed their silence) I rubbed my hands, and looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began

to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me, to whom I observed, that the beer was extreme good; my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks: Aye," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is four-pence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four-pence and the landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night. We discussed the topic of the day, drank each others healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor 'Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black

wig and leather breeches, at t'other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock-lane: he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a jew-pedlar, over the table; while the President in vain knocked down Mr. Leatherfides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing underparts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

“ So, Sir, d’ye perceive me, the ghost giving three
 “ loud raps at the bed-post—Says my lord to me,
 “ My dear Smokeum, you know there is no man u-
 “ pon the whole face of the yearth for whom I have
 “ so high—A damnable false heretical opinion of
 “ all sound doctrine and good learning; for I’ll tell
 “ it aloud, and spare not, that—Silence for a song;
 “ Mr. Leatherfides for a song—*As I was a walking*
 “ *upon the highway, I met a young damsel—*Then
 “ what brings you here? says the parson to the
 “ ghost—Sanconiathon, Menetho, and Berofus—
 “ The whole way from Islington-turnpike to Dog-
 “ house-bar—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he’s
 “ damn’d low in it; my ’prentice boy has more of
 “ the gentleman than he—For murder will out one
 “ time or another; and none but a ghost, you know,
 “ gentlemen, can,—Damme if I don’t; for my

“ friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a
 “ parliament man, a man of consequence, a dear,
 “ honest creature, to be sure ; we were laughing last
 “ night at—Death and damnation upon all his pos-
 “ terity, by simply, barely tasting—Sour grapes, as
 “ the fox said once when he could not reach them ;
 “ and I’ll, I’ll tell you a story about that that
 “ will make you burst your sides with laughing ; A
 “ fox once—Will nobody listen to the song—
 “ *As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a*
 “ *young damsel, both buxom and gay*——No ghost,
 “ gentlemen, can be murdered ; nor did I ever hear
 “ but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was
 “ stabbed in the belly with a—My blood and soul if
 “ I don’t—Mr. Bellows-mender, I have the honour
 “ of drinking your very good health—Blast me if
 “ I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—whizz—blid—
 “ tit—rat—trip. ”

The rest all riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion.

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation ; but, alas ! I have been a fool myself ; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity.

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced, the following night, to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured ; for my lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter ; while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room : the delusion soon vanished, when the waiter came to apprise us, that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end ; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence ; every creature strove who should most commend himself to our members of distinction.

Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests ; and, what before wore the appearance of friendship, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew ; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms : he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, funning, and hatching ; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass-seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postillion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last ; but all in vain,

“ Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose.”

The last club in which I was inrolled a member, was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to shew the absurdity of the present mode of religion and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived ; not indeed about religion or ethics, but who had neglected to lay down his preliminary fixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members of the society. The President, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with a long black wig ; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig, and a black cravat ; a third, by the brownness of his complexion seemed a native of Jamaica ; and a fourth by his hue, appeared to be a

blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

I. We being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intends to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft. Leaving behind us old wives tales, and following good learning and found sense : and if so be, that any other person has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting three-pence, to be spent by the company in punch.

III. That, as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay six-pence upon his entering the room ; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority ; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

IV. That six-pence shall be every night given to the President, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society ; the President has already put himself to a good deal of expence in buying books for the club ; particularly, the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying six-pence only, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the news-papers.

SAUNDERS MAC-WILD, PRESIDENT.

ANTHONY BLEWIT, VICE-PRESIDENT,

HIS † MARK.

WILLIAM TURPIN, SECRETARY.

ESSAY V.

IT is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our wants and desires ; but men who know the world, hold, and I think with some shew of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed ; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller : and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich, as the miser who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows, that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less ; while the beggar who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing reward his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine ; and must know, that to have much, or to

seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such, that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but, should his wants be such as he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum.

A certain young fellow whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred; and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one.—The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of cloaths, always made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his taylor had taken an oath against trusting; or what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducements to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than a transitory assistance: with some, it scarce lasts from the first impulse till

the hand can be put into the pocket ; with others, it may continue for twice that space ; and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour together : but still, at last it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects ; and where from this motive, we give five farthings, from others, we give pounds : whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility ; and like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker ; till at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good natured fellow, who is now no more. He was bred in a counting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence ; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way ; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances ; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife ; and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking ; and he at last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would be refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the

use of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. "And pray, Sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir?" says the other, "if I did not want it I should not have asked it." "I am sorry for that," says the friend, "for those who want money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Sir, money is money now; and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; he that has got a little is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, you want an hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be contented." "Fifty to spare; I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me." "Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend." "And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know? You know, my dear Sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend; and when you chuse a bit of dinner, or so——You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother's side, had her fortune in her own hands; and, as she had al-

ready made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived, that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery ; his clothes flew, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity : the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered : he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one ; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth ; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was over-done. But all this procured him no invitation : finding therefore the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my-acquaintance, whether in rags or lace ; whether in Kent-street or the Mall ; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress : you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or

from avarice, but from compassion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting ; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel ; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris ; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing or darning, say, that neither you, nor Sampson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out ; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise : pride in the great is hateful ; in the wise it is ridiculous ; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

ESSAYS.

ESSAY VI.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world?

Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty ; and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, tho' a virtue essential to the good of society, and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lyfippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitating to the latter ; for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice, it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word ; and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity ; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue : and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues ; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become

indiscretion ; fortitude, obstinacy ; charity, imprudence : and generosity, mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities ; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensibly necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture ; and perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation. Men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society, had we more of these characters amongst us. In general, those close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an a-

varicious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aquæduct; by which, he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with an heart melting at fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you, who relieve him, are

fuch. You fee then, by your generofity, that you rob a man, who is certainly deferving, to beftow it on one who may poffibly be a rogue : and, while you are unjuft in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by ftripping yourfelf."

E S S A Y VII.

N. B. This treatife was publifhed before Rouffeau's Emilius ; if there be a fimilitude in any one inftance, it is hoped that the author of the prefent Effay will not be deemed a plagiarift.

AS few fubjects are more interefting to fociety, fo few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little furprifing, that it has been treated almoft by all in a declamatory manner. They have infifted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to fociety ; and have expatiated in the praife of what none have ever been fo hardy as to call in queftion.

Inftead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this fubject ; inftead of indulging each his particular and whimfical fyftems it had been much better if the writers on this fubject had treated it in a more fcientific manner, repressed all the fallies of imagination, and given us the result of their obfervations with didactic fimplicity. Upon this fubject, the fmalleft errors are of the moft dangerous confequence ; and the author fhould venture the imputation of ftupidity upon a topic, where his flighteft deviations may tend to injure the rifing generation. How-

ever, such are the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just ; and, at present, we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us any thing new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous ; a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy the former.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others ; and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth in London are at present educated, is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this, much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right ; if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of, perhaps, the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth ; I have found, by experience, that they, who have spent all their lives in cities, contract, not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them : otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions ? he finds his last resource in setting up a school. Do any become bankrupts in trade ? they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail : nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned school-masters ;

and, more surprizing still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people ; could it be conceived that we have a regard for posterity, when such persons are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe ; and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents ? The care of our children, is it below the state ? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular ? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient ; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a school-master ; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised men, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of school-masters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people ! a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment : in short, I would make the business of a school-master every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true, we have already school-masters appointed, and they have small salaries ; but where at present there is only one school-master appointed, there should at least be two ; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children ? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he

is necessary ; and I will be bold enough to say, that school-masters in a state, are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. And, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. “ You give your child to be educated to a slave,” says a philosopher to a rich man ; “ instead of one slave, you will then have two.”

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher, as well as the master ; for whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, see the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys : the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher ; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule ; the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh ; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning ? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with so little ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniencies, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, *Plus occidit gula quam gladius*. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Locke, and some others, have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitution, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know, that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprizing degree; that, when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same

fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first, how many lives are lost in this ascetic practice; had they considered, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long lived as they who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country; had they considered, that what the physicians call the *Stamina vitæ*, by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age: that the numbers who survive those rude trials, bear no proportion to those who die in the experiment. Had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water, but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those stews that are usually cooked by the mistresses of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city-parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first, greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a

larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became lord-mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty; to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our school-masters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phænomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region.

“ Ut cum in forum venerint, existiment se in aliam
“ terrarum orbem delatos. ” We should early,
therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may
so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer
age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of
that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges,
they have not the least curiosity for those parts of
the science which are proposed for their instruction;
they have never before seen the phænomena, and
consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons.
Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their
pastime in school, by this means it would in college
become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would
be ample field both for instruction and amusement;
the different forts of the phosphorus; the artificial
pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon
the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those u-
pon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours,
and none should be called from play to see such ex-
periments but such as thought proper. At first then
it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the
effects of their combination were only shewn: the
causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those
times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover
the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this
world as a spectator; when he is tired of wonder-
ing at all the novelties about him, and not till then,
does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes
that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural phi-
losophy, I would extend to every other science what-
soever. We should teach them as many of the facts
as possible, and defer the causes until they
seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them.
A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the
simple experience of science, would be the fittest
in the world for the college-course; and, though
such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talka-

tive, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of cause and effect.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, at present they are too frequently obliged to toil thro' the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of the client ! Two architects were once candidates for building a certain temple at Athens ; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and shewed them in what manner the temple should be built ; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do ; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets ; and for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things ; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a Talker in all, but a Master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shews his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing school-masters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be longest remembered ? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language.

It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned ; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye ; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one ; I have forgot whether Lilly's or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements ; but such improvements seem, to me, only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves ; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me ; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters that never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children ; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should

be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters can keep their tempers while they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him: his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the jury, he was consigned to the footman, who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

ESSAY VIII.

AN alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she

was no longer the favourite of his customers ; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican, in this, imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long ; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout ; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has this day grown giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible that a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers ; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borge, his son, said with a smile, *Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam.* " You see, " my son, the small difference between a gibbet " and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands, which is built upon popular applause ; for, as such praise what seems

like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette ; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice ; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense ; her admirers must play no tricks ; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. “ Pox take these
“ fools,” he would say, “ how much joy might
“ all this bawling give my lord-mayor.

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked of predecessor ; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would have as much detested to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment ; and instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel to Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a

bookfeller's shop ; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookfeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookfeller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What, have you never heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other much surpris'd, "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection ! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipfihhi, second cousin to the moon ?" "Nothing at all, indeed, Sir," returned the other. "Alas !" cries our traveller, "to what purpose then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China !"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sunday ; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail ; the rhymers, who make smooth verses, and paint to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts : all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their turn.

"Where was there ever so much merit seen ? no times so important as our own ; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause !" To such music, the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they've long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epi-

taph to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations in herring-fishery.

ESSAY IX.

WE essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock-lane; if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an eastern tale; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorological history of the weather. It is the life and soul of a magazine never to be long dull upon one subject; and the reader, like the sailor's horse, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur often changed.

As I see no reason why they should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts, for the future, of making this essay a magazine in miniature: I shall hop from subject to subject, and, if

properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my *feuille volant* with pictures. But to begin, in the usual form, with

A MODEST ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE public has been so often imposed upon by the unperforming promises of others, that it is with the utmost modesty, we assure them of our inviolable design of giving the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honour and regard, and therefore to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the *INFERNAL MAGAZINE*, would be unworthy the public; to say less, would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings; we are all gentlemen resolved to sell our six-penny magazine merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the *Infernal Magazine*.

DEDICATION

To that most ingenious of all Patrons,

THE TRIPOLINE AMBASSADOR

May it please your Excellency,

As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the *Infernal*

Magazine to lay the following sheets humbly at your excellency's toe ; and, should our labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour, by,

May it please your excellency,

Your most devoted, humble servants,

The Authors of the Infernal Magazine.

A SPEECH

SPOKEN BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER, TO PERSUADE HIS CLUB AT CATEATON TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST SPAIN.

My honest friends and brother-politicians ; I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad ; to-day they fell, and you are again miserable. But my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money ? Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this ; my good Mr. Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me ? You must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society ; and, as we were born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common-

sense then, my good friends, let them keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars at work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lilly's Grammar, finely observes, that "Æs
" in præsentiperfectum format ;" that is, " Ready money makes a perfect man." Let us then get ready-money, and let them that will, spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR.

DRAWN UP BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

If you be a rich man you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of a chair in a remote corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse ; for it is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation, or a bad voice.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy ; I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public ; the spectators that are not as merry as you, will hate you, either because they envy your happiness, or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DANAEUS DE
SORTIARIIS, A WRITER COTEMPORARY WITH

CALVIN, AND ONE OF THE REFORMERS OF OUR CHURCH.

THE person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eye-lid or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits ; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience ; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The devil instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasions through the air. He shews them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers, his spirits have power to assume the form, of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them ; viz. to ask them, in proper form. What method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world ? To this they are not permitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

ESSAY X.

FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our country-women, have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and therefore it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine cloaths than the women of any other country whatsoever. I can't fancy that a shop-keeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris: or that Miss in a boarding-school is more an œconomist in dress than Mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying, her cloaths are in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in

dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders: she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty. The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens and playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shews as little variety of taste as if their cloaths were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels fast behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her grand-daughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me, the other day, with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems in his walk thither, he, for sometime, followed a lady, who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words; "After the transports of our first salute," said he, "were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut

short before, in order to discover an high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than an handkerchief of Paris-net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-buds, '*Quanto si nostra mentanto epìu bella.*' A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.'

"As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time falling out to the Park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would 'squire her there, to send home the foot-man. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not with any civility refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together."

"When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among the crouds who were out to shew their finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good-humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half up the Mall, we began to grow peevish, and, like two mice in a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves, "I am amazed, "cousin Jeffery," says miss, "that I can never get "you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should "have the eyes of the whole Park upon us, with

“ your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly,
“ and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious
“ muffs. ” I could have patiently borne a criticism on
all the rest of my equipage ; but, as I had always a
peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not for-
bear being piqued a little ; and throwing my eyes
with a spiteful air on her bosom, “ I could heartily
“ wish, madam, ” replied I, “ that, for your sake,
“ my muff was cut into a tippet. ”

“ As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily
ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never
very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it
was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of
the seats, and from that retreat remark on others
as freely as they had remarked on us.

“ When seated we continued silent for some time,
employed in very different speculations. I regarded
the whole company now passing before me, as
drawn out merely for my amusement. For my
entertainment the beauty had, all that morning,
been improving her charms ; the beau had put on
lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to
please me. But quite different were the sentiments
of cousin Hannah ; she regarded every well-dressed
woman as a victorious rival ; hated every face that
seemed dressed in good-humour, or wore the ap-
pearance of greater happiness than her own. I
perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it,
by observing that there was no company in the
Park to-day. To this she readily assented ; “ and
“ yet,” says she, “ it is full enough of scrubs of
“ one kind or another.” My smiling at this ob-
servation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of
her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her
skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to
listen. “ Observe,” says she to me, “ that old
“ woman in taudry silk and dressed out beyond the
“ fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss
“ Biddy, it seems, has money ; and as she confi-

“ ders that money was never so scarce as it is now,
“ she seems resolved to keep what she has to her-
“ self. She is ugly enough you see ; yet, I assure
“ you, she has refused several offers, to my own
“ knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me
“ see ; three gentlemen from Ireland who study
“ the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a
“ Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried
“ her off. All her time is passed between sickness
“ and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in
“ a close chamber with no other company but her
“ monkey, her apothecary, and cat ; and comes
“ dressed out to the Park every Sunday, to shew
“ her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new
“ cold, and to make new work for the doctor.”

“ There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the fat
“ lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you
“ and I, she’s but a cutler’s wife. See how she’s
“ dressed as fine as hands and pins can make her,
“ while her two marriageable daughters, like bun-
“ ters, in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpenny-
“ worth of tea at the White-conduit-house. Odi-
“ ous puffs, how she waddles along, with her train
“ two yards behind her ! She puts me in mind of
“ my lord Bantam’s Indian sheep, which are ob-
“ liged to have their monstrous tails trundled
“ along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to
“ her husband’s heart to see four yards of good lu-
“ testring wearing against the ground, like one of
“ his knives on a grind-stone. To speak my mind,
“ cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails ; for,
“ suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the
“ lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead
“ of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls
“ fairly on her back ; and then you know, cou-
“ sin,—her cloaths may be spoiled.”

“ Ha ! Miss Mazzard ! I knew we should not
“ miss her in the Park ; she in the monstrous Pruf-

“fian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine was
 “bred a milliner and might have had some custom
 “if she had minded her business; but the girl was
 “fond of finery, and instead of dressing her cus-
 “tomers, laid out all her goods in adorning her-
 “self. Every new gown she put on impaired her
 “credit; she still however, went on, improving
 “her appearances and lessening her little fortune,
 “and is now, you see, become a belle and a bank-
 “rupt.

“My cousin was proceeding in her remarks,
 which were interrupted by the approach of the very
 lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had
 perceived her at a distance, and approached to sa-
 lute her. I found, by the warmth of the two la-
 dies’ protestations, that they had been long intimate,
 esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so
 pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were re-
 solved not to part for the day. So we all crossed
 the park together, and I saw them into a hackney-
 coach at St. James’s.”

ESSAY XI.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm,
 and presents nothing to the sight of the
 distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks,
 falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous
 nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful moun-
 tain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways
 of men, lives Asen the Man-hater.

Asen had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements ; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection : but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain ; the weary traveller never passed his door ; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved ; and made his application with confidence of redress : the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity ; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he before beheld them : he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist : wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew ; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather ; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food ; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom ; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look

on the smooth expanse that lay before him. “ How
 “ beautiful,” he often cried, “ is nature ! how love-
 “ ly, even in her wildest scenes ! How finely con-
 “ trasted is the level plan that lies beneath me, with
 “ yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in
 “ clouds ! But the beauty of these scenes is no way
 “ comparable with their utility ; from hence an hun-
 “ dred rivers are supplied, which distribute health
 “ and verdure to the various countries through
 “ which they flow. Every part of the universe is
 “ beautiful, just, and wise ; but man, vile man, is a
 “ solecism in nature ; the only monster in the crea-
 “ tion. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use ;
 “ but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page
 “ of universal beauty. Why was I born of that
 “ detested species whose vices are almost a reproach
 “ to the wisdom of the divine Creator ! Were men
 “ entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity,
 “ harmony and order. A world of moral rectitude,
 “ should be the result of a perfectly moral agent.
 “ Why, why then, O Alla ! must I be thus confined
 “ in darkness, doubt, and despair !”

Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose ; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

“ Son of Adam,” cried the genius, “ stop thy rash
 “ purpose ; the father of the faithful has seen thy
 “ justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent
 “ me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine
 “ hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I
 “ shall lead ; in me behold the Genius of Convic-
 “ tion, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their
 “ errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but

“ a rectitude of intention Follow me, and be wise.”

Assem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water ; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink ; the waters closed over their heads ; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Assem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

“ I plainly perceive your amazement,” said the
“ genius ; but suspend it for a while. This world
“ was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the
“ inspection, of our great prophet ; who once en-
“ tertained the same doubts which filled your mind
“ when I found you, and from the consequence of
“ which you are so lately rescued. The rational in-
“ habitants of this world are formed agreeable to
“ your own ideas ; they are absolutely without vice.
“ In other respects it resembles your earth, but dif-
“ fers from it in being wholly inhabited by men
“ who never do wrong. If you find this world more
“ agreeable than that you so lately left, you have
“ free permission to spend the remainder of your
“ days in it ; but permit me, for some time, to at-
“ tend you, that I may silence your doubts, and
“ make you better acquainted with your company
“ and your new habitation.”

“ A world without vice ! Rational beings with-
“ out immorality !” cried Assem, in a rapture, “ I
“ thank thee, O Alla, who hast, at length, heard my
“ petitions ; this, this indeed will produce happi-
“ ness, extasy, and ease. O for an immortality, to
“ spend it among men who are incapable of ingra-

“titude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand
“other crimes, that render society miserable !”

“Cease [thine acclamations,” replied the genius.
“Look around thee ; reflect on every object and
“action before us, and communicate to me the re-
“sult of thine observations. Lead wherever you
“think proper, I shall be your attendant and instruc-
“tor.” Asen and his companion travelled on in
silence for some time, the former being entirely lost
in astonishment ; but at last recovering his former
serenity, he could not help observing, that the face
of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had
left, except that this subterranean world still seemed
to retain its primæval wildness.

“Here,” cried Asen, “I perceive animals of prey,
“and others that seem only designed for their subsist-
“ence ; it is the very same in the world above our
“heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our
“prophet, I would have removed this defect, and
“formed no voracious or destructive animals which
“only prey on the other parts of the creation.”
“Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find,
“remarkable,” said the genius, smiling, “But with
“regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly re-
“sembles the other ; and, indeed, for obvious rea-
“sons : for the earth can support a more con-
“siderable number of animals, by their thus becom-
“ing food for each other, than if they had lived en-
“tirely on her vegetable productions. So that ani-
“mals of different natures thus formed, instead of
“lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest
“number possible. But let us hasten on to the inha-
“bited country before us, and see what that offers
“for instruction.”

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest,
and entered the country inhabited by men without
vice ; and Asen anticipated in idea the rational

delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Afem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Afem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried Afem, "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the genius smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Afem; "I am now convinced, that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

The farther they walked up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own

pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Afem, "they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom!" replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom we should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." All this may be right," says Afem; "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That, indeed, is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among, are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the genius: "flattery

“ or curiosity are vicious motives, are never allowed
“ of here ; and wisdom is out of the question.”
“ Still, however,” said Afem, “ the inhabitants
“ must be happy ; each is contented with his own
“ possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap
“ up more than is necessary for his own subsistence :
“ each has therefore leisure for pitying those that
“ stand in need of his compassion.” He had scarce
spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Afem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. “ Strange,” cried the son of “ Adam, that
“ men who are free from vice should thus suffer so
“ much misery without relief !” “ Be not surprised,” said the wretch who was dying ; “ would it
“ not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have
“ only just sufficient to support themselves, and are
“ content with a bare subsistence, to take it from
“ their own mouths to put it into mine ? They never
“ are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary ; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.” “ They should have been supplied
“ with more than is necessary,” cried Afem ; “ and
“ yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before : all is doubt, perplexity and confusion.
“ Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here,
“ since they never received a favour. They have,
“ however, another excellence yet behind ; the love
“ of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling
“ virtues.” “ Peace, Afem,” replied the guardian,
“ with a countenance not less severe than beautiful,
“ nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom ; the
“ same selfish motives by which we prefer our own
“ interest to that of others, induce us to regard our
“ country preferably to that of another. Nothing
“ less than universal benevolence is free from vice,
“ and that you see is practised here.” “ Strange !” cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress ;

“ what sort of a world am I now introduced to ?
“ There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temper-
“ ance, which they practise ; and in that they are
“ no way superior to the very brute creation. There
“ is scarce an amusement which they enjoy ; for-
“ titude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversa-
“ tion, and love of country, all are virtues entirely
“ unknown here ; thus it seems, that, to be unac-
“ quainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take
“ me, O my genius, back to that very world which
“ I have despised : a world which has Alla for its
“ contriver, is much more wisely formed than that
“ which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingrati-
“ tude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for
“ perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraign-
“ ed the wisdom of Providence, I only shewed my
“ own ignorance ; henceforth let me keep from
“ vice myself, and pity it in others.”

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assum-
ing an air of terrible complacency, called all his
thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind.
Assem, astonished at the terror of the scene, look-
ed for his imaginary world ; when casting his
eyes around, he perceived himself in the very si-
tuation, and in the very place, where he first be-
gan to repine and despair ; his right foot had been
just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it
been yet withdrawn ; so instantly did Providence
strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul.
He now departed from the water-side in tranquil-
lity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to
Segestan, his native city ; where he diligently ap-
plied himself to commerce, and put in practice that
wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality
of a few years soon produced opulence ; the num-
ber of his domestics increased ; his friends came to
him from every part of the city ; nor did he re-
ceive them with disdain : and a youth of misery

was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

ESSAY XVI.

IT is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education, by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of, by the populace as here; and though our divines are foremost, with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion; while in

England they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution ; may not the vulgar being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause ? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities ; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded : for, in policy, as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity ; and, fearing to out-do their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unassuming ; delivered with the most insipid calmness ; inasmuch, that, should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over this methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions ; this is stiled the making of converts from conviction : but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible, that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed ; reason is but a weak antagonist when head-long passion dictates ; in all such cases we should arm one passion against another ; it is with the hu-

man mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher, for the people are easily pleased if they see any endeavours in the orator to please them: the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. “*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi,*” is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice! Our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver; they, of all professions, seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ: the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The bishop of Massillon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, shewed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper; however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by the manner of his beginning: “*If,*” says he, “*a*

“ cause, the most important that could be con-
 “ ceived, were to be tried at the bar, before quali-
 “ fied judges ; if this cause interested ourselves in
 “ particular ; if the eyes of the whole kingdom
 “ were fixed upon the event ; if the most emi-
 “ nent council were employed on both sides ; and
 “ if we had heard from our infancy of this yet un-
 “ determined trial ; would you not all sit with due
 “ attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings
 “ on each side ? Would not all your hopes and
 “ fears be hinged upon the final decision ? And yet,
 “ let me tell you, you have this moment a cause
 “ of much greater importance before you ; a cause
 “ where not one nation, but all the world, are spec-
 “ tators ; tried, not before a fallible tribunal, but
 “ the awful throne of Heaven, where not your
 “ temporal and transitory interests are the subject of
 “ debate, but your eternal happiness or misery,
 “ where the cause is still undetermined ; but, per-
 “ haps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the
 “ irrevocable decree that shall last for ever ; and
 “ yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit
 “ with patience, to hear the tidings of your own
 “ salvation ; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet
 “ I am scarcely attended to, ” &c.

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd ; but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions : that style which, in the closet, might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition, under the title of a sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece ; for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired ; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preach-

er disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common-sense ; what numbers converted to Christianity. Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise, and our regular divines may borrow instruction even from methodists, who go their circuits and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitefield may be placed as a model to some of our young divines ; let them join to their own good sense his earnest manner of delivery.

It will be perhaps objected, that, by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation : there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion ; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character ; but let us not be deceived ; common-sense is seldom swayed by fine tones musical periods, just attitudes, or the display of a white handkerchief ; oratorical behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction ; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more useless, though more sought-for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the Deists, to act rather offensively than to defend ; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. “ It is ten to one,” says a late writer on the art of war, “ but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious.”

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes; their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles; and their disputes with the Deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory, and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue; “and
“like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when
“undermost.”

ESSAY XIII.

THE improvements we make in mental acquisitions, only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution: with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth; endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age: but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times, but by endeavouring to

forget them ; for if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction : I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on, to make me insensible ; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom : I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and shewing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he.—Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity ?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone !—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle : here's to the memory of Shakespear, Falstaff, and all the merry men of East-cheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's head tavern, still kept at East-cheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merrymen and companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth ; wished to be young again ; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity : the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time : the watchman had gone twelve : my companions had all stolen off,

and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers : I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages ; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do ; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent ; one good joke followed another good joke ; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees : he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes : and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation : the tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before ; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John : and the liquor we were drinking, which seemed converted into sack and sugar.

‘ My dear Mrs Quickly,’ cried I, (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight) ‘ I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs ? Brave and hearty, I hope ? “ In good sooth,” replied she, he did deserve to live for ever ; but he maketh foul work on’t where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he had quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity ; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus.

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh, and that, according to the laws of criti-

eism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be
 guilty of even more than platonic affection : where-
 fore, as I found her too much moved on such a to-
 pic to proceed, I was resolved to change the sub-
 ject ; and desiring she would pledge me in a bum-
 per, observed, with a sigh, that our sack was nothing
 now to what it was in former days : ‘ Ah, Mrs
 ‘ Quickly, those were merry times when you drew
 ‘ sack for prince Henry : men were twice as strong,
 ‘ and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thou-
 ‘ sand times more charitable than now. Those were
 ‘ the times ! The battle of Agincourt was a victory
 ‘ indeed ! Ever since that we have only been de-
 ‘ generating ; and I have lived to see the day when
 ‘ drinking is no more fashionable. When men
 ‘ wear clean shirts, and women shew their necks and
 ‘ arms, all are degenerated, Mrs Quickly ; and we
 ‘ shall probably, in another century, be frittered away
 ‘ into beaus or monkeys. Had you been on earth
 ‘ to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the
 ‘ blood in your body (your soul, I mean.) Why,
 ‘ our very nobility now have the intolerable arro-
 ‘ gance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated
 ‘ from the press ; our very nobility, I say, have the
 ‘ assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be
 ‘ as merry as the vulgar. See, my friends have
 ‘ scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven ; and
 ‘ I only am left to make a night on’t. Pr’ythee do me
 ‘ the favour to console me a little for their absence by
 ‘ the story of your own adventures, or the history of
 ‘ the tavern where we are now sitting : I fancy the nar-
 ‘ rative may have something singular.’

“ Observe this apartment,” interrupted my com-
 panion ; “ of neat device and excellent workman-
 ship—In this room I have lived, child, woman and
 ghost, more than three hundred years : I am ordered
 by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transac-
 tion that passeth here ; and I have whilhom compiled
 three hundred tomes, which estsoons may be submit-

‘ted to thy regards.” ‘None of your whilhoms or
‘eftfoonses, Mrs. Quickly, if you please,’ I replied ;
‘I know you can talk every whit as well as I can ;
‘for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural
‘to suppose you should learn the conversation of the
‘company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have
‘neither too much sense, nor too much language, to
‘spare ; so give me both as well as you can ; but,
‘first, my service to you : old women should water
‘their clay a little now and then ; and now to your
‘story.’

“The story of my own adventures,” replied the
vision, “is but short and unsatisfactory ; for, be-
lieve me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow,
is never long-lived. Sir John’s death afflicted me
to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown
sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew
for my customers : my grief was sincere, and the
sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring
convent (for our priors then had as much power as
a Middlesex justice now) he, I say, it was who gave
me a licence for keeping a disorderly house ; upon
condition, that I never should make hard bargains
with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack
every morning, and the liberty of confessing which
of my girls he thought proper in private every night.
I had continued, for several years, to pay this tri-
bute ; and he, it must be confessed, continued as
rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly ; my
customers continued, however, to compliment my
looks while I was by, but I could hear them say
I was wearing, when my back was turned. The
prior, however, still was constant, and so were half
his convent : but one fatal morning he missed the u-
sual beverage ; for I had incautiously drank over
night the last bottle myself. What will you have
on’t ?—The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I
were sent to the house of correction, and accused
of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were

so well purified there with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation: though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

“Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies, of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly: the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies’ cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful: your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plaisters it with hogs-lard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are a—.”

‘Sure the woman is dreaming,’ interrupted I. ‘None of your reflections Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning.’

“If you please then, Sir, (returned my companion), I’ll read you an abstract, which I made

of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now.

“ My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, reliques were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy-water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, reliques, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins and commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole; these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!”——
‘ Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty
‘ much like the present; these that labour starve;
‘ and those that do nothing, wear fine cloaths and
‘ live in luxury.’

In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our Prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came in upon them, and testified

all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The Prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the Prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and charged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The Prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge.

“ Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, their bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his Majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the Prior had pitched upon, had fought

fix or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and, after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than us." "I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws gives a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the Prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed: but hesitated in determining whether she was possessed by an angel or a dæmon. She was not long in suspense; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and, when she seemed to speak, every body that was pre-

sent perceived that her voice was not her own but that of the devil within her.

In short, she was bewitched ; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply ; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out : the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior : that, by his command, he resided in his present habitation ; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist ; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms : the prior was arraigned for witchcraft ; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by, who had heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses ; the prior was condemned ; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole ; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers !” ‘ Equally
‘ faulty with ourselves ; they believed what the de-
‘ vil was pleased to tell them ; and we seem resolved,
‘ at last, to believe neither God nor devil.

After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer ; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast mistresses ; she was constituted landlady by royal authority ; and, as the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever ; and sometimes took no less than four shillings a day.

But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion, at that period ; and in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and had received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four and twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her ; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good-humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen ; and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweet-hearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blindman's buff in the parlour ; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-beatings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, shot at butts, while miss held in her hand a ribbon, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer, could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies, knew a witch at first sight, and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable ; her arms and her hair were completely covered ; a mons-

trous ruff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories, might be cried up for a wit." "I am as much, ' displeased at those dresses that conceal too much ' as at those that discover too much: I am equally ' an enemy to a female dunce, or a female pe- ' dant.'

"You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier, equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God had anointed to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but, at length repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father-confessor, from a principle of conscience removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch: and she who was this day a royal mistress, might, the next when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

"Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew

into great reputation ; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking ; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but they were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate and more admired by the great and the vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example ; and I have seen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, Sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public ; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices and act the hypocrite, as now"—

‘ Lord ! Mrs. Quickly,’ interrupting her, ‘ I expected to have heard a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices ; pr’ythee let me entreat thee once more to wave reflections, and give thy history without deviation.’

“ No lady upon earth,” continued my visionary correspondent, “ knew how to put off her damaged wines or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing the names ; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double-entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the discreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours ; they were fond of

pleasure but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it : thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common low-lived harridan of a modern bagnio. Witness, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality ! A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity ; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view ; but in the accounts of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

“ Upon this lady’s decease the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at Primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul’s cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you then any cause to regret being born in the times you now live ? Or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age ? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, fervile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

“ The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people ; and by frugality and extreme complaisance contrived to acquire a moderate fortune ; this she might have enjoyed for many years,

had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman that was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled, that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins, was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady's eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but, if a lady, formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better both for her soul and body that she had no eyes at all.

“ In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft; and though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the old Bailey, condemned and executed accordingly. These were times indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

“ Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring whigs; and the next infamous for a retreat to tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that, whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious.”—“ Lord! ‘ Mrs. Quickly,’ interrupted I, ‘ you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times; if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories.

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had all this while been giving an account of the repairs he had made in the house; and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dinning-room.

ESSAY XIV.

I AM fond of amusement in whatever company it is to be found: and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed, seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby cloaths.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, Sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me." "Yes sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show; last Bartholomew fair, my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pin-cushion makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to

“starve in St. James’s Park.”

“I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties.” “O, sir,” returned he, “my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier; if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three pence in my pocket I never refuse to be my three half-pence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner.

As I never refuse a small expence for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house; and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion’s vivacity. “I like this dinner, sir,” says he, “for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef, secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly, and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.”

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; “and yet sir,” returns he, “bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles

“ and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite.
“ But the whole creation is filled with good things
“ for the beggar ; Calvert’s butt out-tastes Cham-
“ pagne, and Sedgeley’s home-brewed excels tokay.
“ Joy, joy, my blood, though our estates lie no
“ where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an
“ inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Corn-
“ wall, I am content ; I have no lands there : if the
“ stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness ; I am no
“ Jew.

The fellow’s vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances ; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire.—“ That I will, sir,” said he, “ and welcome ; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping ; let us have another tankard ; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full !

“ You must know, then, that I am very well descended ; my ancestors have made some noise in the world ; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum : I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot shew so respectable a genealogy ; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and king Solomon and all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music ; so at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musquet also ; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman : besides, I was obliged to obey my captain ; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours : now I ve-

ry reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

“ The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen ; I asked leave to quit the service ; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal, penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge ; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you) and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges : in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done ? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way ; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

“ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment ; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance ? I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off, but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions ; as whose son I was ; from whence I came ; and whether I would be faithful ? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction ; and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety, (Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health) discretion and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months ; we did not much like each other ; I was

fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat ; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder : I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid ; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on ; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear ! in short, they found I would not do ; so I was discharged one morning ; and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months wages.

“ While my money was getting ready I employed myself in making preparations for my departure ; two hens were hatching in an out-house, I went and took the eggs from habit, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of Stop thief ! but this only increased my dispatch ; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed these months at the curate's without drinking ; come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

“ Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon, but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them ; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order : they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way ; I offered my assistance, which they accepted ; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me ; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirables,

I thought I had never lived till then ; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them ; I was a very good figure, as you see ; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

“ I love a straggling life above all things in the world ; sometimes good, and sometimes bad ; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow ; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Grey-hound ; where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane ; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before ; and I was to snuff the candles : all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio ; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet’s petticoat and pall : a pestle and a mortar from a neighbouring apothecary’s answered all the purposes of a bell ; and our landlord’s own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety : I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction : the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

“ There is one rule by which a strolling-player may be ever secure of success ; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see : natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it ; but be-

ing high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town and country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, flap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness ; that is the way to work for applause ; that is the way to gain it.

“ As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself ; I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece will lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses ; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company : they were resolved to go in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive ; I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate ; they accepted my offer ; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me (Sir, your health) and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“ I found my memory excessively helped by drinking : I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for nobler employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. “ Let the sick man,” said I, “ be under no uneasiness to get well

“ again ; I’ll supply his place to universal satisfac-
 “ tion ; he may even die if he thinks proper ; I’ll
 “ engage that he shall never be missed.” I rehear-
 ed before them, strutted, ranted, and received ap-
 plause. They soon gave out that a new actor of
 eminence was to appear, and immediately all the
 genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the
 stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I
 brought money to the house, I ought to have my
 share in the profits. “ Gentlemen,” said I, addressing
 our company, “ I don’t pretend to direct you ; far
 “ be it from me to treat you with so much ingrati-
 “ tude : you have published my name in the bills,
 “ with the utmost good-nature ; and, as affairs
 “ stand, cannot act without me ; so, gentlemen, to
 “ shew you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for
 “ my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I de-
 “ declare off. I’ll brandish my snuffers, and clip
 “ candles as usual.” This was a very disagreeable
 proposal, but they found that it was impossible to
 refuse it ; it was irresistible, it was adamant : they
 consented, and I went on in king Bajazet : my frown-
 ing brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a tur-
 ban, while on my captiv’d arms I brandished a jack-
 chain.

“ Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part ;
 I was tall, and had a loud voice ; my very entrance
 excited universal applause ; I looked round on
 the audience with a smile, and made a most low
 and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us.

As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated
 my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is al-
 most out) of brandy. By Alla ! it is almost incon-
 ceivable how I went through it ; Tamerlane was but
 a fool to me ; though he was sometimes loud e-
 nough too ; yet I was still louder than he ; but,
 then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance ; in ge-
 neral I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit

of my stomach ; it is the way at Drury-lane and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get thro' the whole of my merits : in short, I came off like a prodigy ; and, such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success ; one praised my voice, another my person ; “ Upon my word,” says the squire’s lady, “ he will make one of the finest actors in Europe ; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.”—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour ; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort : instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time ; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

“ At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say ; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out ; I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero !—Such is the world ; little to-day, and great to morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject, truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune ; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

“ The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company ; however we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilli-

ancy. I sincerely believe that I should have been the first actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost, which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

“ There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; every body praised me; yet she refused at first, going to see me perform; she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences; she was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest; I broke my cudgel on alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy, melancholy all, the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders; I attempted by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy: I found it would not do; all my good-humour

now became forced ; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning ; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye shewed the agony of my heart : in short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased and displeased she was ; my fame expired ; I am here ; and (the the tankard is no more !)

ESSAY XV.

WHEN Catherina Alexowna was made empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage ; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe : she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England : instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask ; and cornets and commodos instead of caps of fable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them ; the Czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has never before been printed that we know of, we shall give our readers.

“ I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be kept shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

“ II. The assembly shall not open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

“ III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company ; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessaries that company may ask for ; he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

“ IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away ; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

“ V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases ; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy) ; it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

“ VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, headworkmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies ; as likewise their wives and children.

“ VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

“ VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

“ IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous : no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person

shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion."

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

ESSAY XVI.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF
NEWGATE.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in life; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim, than Mr. THE. CIBBER, just now gone out of the world. Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion; every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses; he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination; he played at cards on Sun-

days ; called himself a gentleman ; fell out w his mother and laundress ; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently heard to observe, that young THE.—would be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleasure ; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it ; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green pease, which he had collected over-night at charity for a friend in distress ; he ran into debt with every body that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he : so that, at last, his creditors swore with one accord, that THE.—would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain this point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt ; first, by pushing a face, as thus : “ You, Mr. Lute-
“ string, send me home five yards of that paduasoy,
“ dammee ; but, harkee, don’t think I ever intend
“ to pay you for it, dammee.” At this, the mercer laughs heartily ; cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home ; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering ; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser ; and, if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hand.

But the third and best method is called, “ Being
“ the good customer.” The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready-money ; he comes some days after with nothing about him but bank-bills, and buys, we will suppose a sixpenny tweezer-case ; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after, and pay for what he has bought. In this promise

he is punctual, and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got, at last, the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this, the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections, was very expert; and could face, fineer, or bring custom to a shop with any man in England: none of his companions could exceed him in this; and his very companions at last said that THE.—would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better, he loved ortolans and green pease, as before; he drank gravy-soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick: thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power, he made up by inclination: so that all the world thought that old THE.—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene: a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell he took of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity; for, oh! the mysteries of fate, THE.—was drown'd!

“Reader,” as Hervey saith, “pause and ponder;
“and ponder and pause; who knows what thy own
“end may be?”

ESSAY XVII.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship dissolve the connexion and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendships, which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetner of life under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependence gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the

most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen ; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches ; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependents was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept ; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed ; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor, proud man was soon construed into ingratitude ; and such indeed in the common acceptation of the word it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man ; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct: Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all

he had ; wrought under his direction with assiduity ; and by uniting their talents both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity : —Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of dangers at length, bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers ; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each other's lives in the conflict or adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it ; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned ; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish ; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and

crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.'

The END.

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Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728-1774

The miscellaneous works

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